

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 948.—2 August, 1862.

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THE SEASON OF 1862.

PLEASANT surely is the Summer, with its radiant sunshine golden,

Where above the whispering woodland flies the falcon fast and free;

Pleasant where quaint legends linger round some knightly castle olden;

Pleasant where the steep cliffs hang high above the murmuring sea.

Pleasant also here in London, in a Season such as this is,

Season full of new enjoyments, full of perils also new,

How the calm and cautious matrons watch the marriageable misses,

Wondering what those fast young ladies very shortly mean to do.

New enjoyments—Exhibition—wondrous fountain of Majolica—

Charming statues—gems delicious—perfect pictures—Armstrong guns:

Never any pretty creature with a fancy for a frolic, a

Better chance could well encounter, guarded by old England's sons.

Two opinions perhaps there may be on the building's architecture,—

Two opinions of the dinners that you get beneath the glass;

But on questions such as these are we in verse decline to lecture:

Captain Fowke and Mr. Morrish both may be allowed to pass.

Then the Social Science people—Brougham's parliament of ladies—

Patter, chatter, clatter, smatter—stockings nothing if not blue:

Surely this was very charming. Send the satirist to Hades,

Who with critical aspersions such proceeding would pursue.

Ah, those Social Science ladies! Full of wisdom, full of malice,

They invaded Barry's building, looking over turbid Thames,

Drank their tea (by special favor) in the parliamentary palace,

Startled unaccustomed walls with their conversation-gems.

Crinoline in mighty phalanx filled the hall beside the Minster,

Led into the sacred precincts by a bishop-making Earl:

Popular he was that evening with both widow, wife, and spinster;

Ashley Cooper's star and garter dazzled many a pretty girl.

We've moreover had to welcome from the East a famous mission—

From Japan's mysterious islands in an Oriental sea:

Let us hope that they enjoyed not alone the Exhibition,

But the race which saw the Marquis beaten upon Epsom lea.

Egypt's Pasha—shall we name him?—heir of course of all the Pharaohs,

And himself no common ruler of a land that's hard to rule;

He has come to learn a lesson from communities that wear hose,

And his Cairo to our London won't object to go to school.

East and West have met together in this island of the Channel—

Quite an unimportant island if it were not for its sons.

Fancy an Egyptian looking at a boating man in flannel,

Or a Japanese admiring those terrific Armstrong guns.

East and West have met together: it has been a wondrous Season,—

Dull in politics, no question, lively in most other things;

And the pretty girls of England to regret will have good reason

That this Exhibition summer flies away on Time's swift wings.

Palmerston will last this Session; to his age 'tis a concession:

Half a century of office it has been his fate to see.

And unless the Whigs annoy us by some terrible transgression,

We may tolerate the Viscount till the Spring of '63.

Perhaps his Lordship may be ousted ere he sees the vernal grass cut

On the pleasant lawns of Broadlands, freshened by the morning dew;

But there's seldom any very heavy fighting after Ascot—

So that he may be considered pretty safe for '62.

—The Press.

From The Examiner.

The Leadbeater Papers. The Annals of Ballitore. By Mary Leadbeater. With a Memoir of the Author. *Letters from Edmund Burke*, heretofore unpublished; and *The Correspondence of Mrs. R. Trench and Rev. George Crabbe with Mary Leadbeater*. Two Volumes. Bell and Daldy.

In the year 1726 Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker and a Yorkshireman, "a learned and good man, straightforward in all his dealings, and sincere in his converse with God and man," migrated to Ballitore, in the county of Kildare, and there established a boarding-school, destined to flourish through a hundred and ten years, and to send out some famous pupils. Most famous of all was Edmund Burke, who, with his brothers Garrett and Richard, entered the school in 1741, and upon whose early history some light is thrown by the sixty letters and more for the first time printed in the volumes now in our hands. It may be thought strange that Richard Burke, the father, a churchman so far as he was anything, and his Roman Catholic wife, should have sent the lads to a Quaker's village school; but the choice was happy. Edmund learnt much from his schoolmaster's gentle teaching, and found in his schoolmaster's son, Richard Shackleton, a worthy friend for life. In 1744 Burke passed to Trinity College, Dublin, and thence proceeded to be a lawyer, author, and statesman in London, while Shackleton abode quietly in Ballitore, inheriting his father's school, and remaining steadfast to the traditions of Quakerism. But to the last their affection held.

Running over with fun, and we should think rather trying to the seriousness of a Friend, are Ned Burke's earlier letters to his "Dear Dicky;" the naughty words—like *δαμναβλιν αλλ*—being written in Greek. Earnest thought, however, shows itself in all the correspondence. Burke as a boy is diligent and painstaking, high-spirited and impetuous. Boys do not often write religious cant to one another; and there is no cant in Burke's fierce condemnation of his own failings and yearning after greater excellence, as expressed in his letters to Shackleton. "I know what is good, like the Athenians," he says in one place; "but don't practise, like the Lacedæmonians. What would I not give to have my spirits a

little more settled! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly." "God gives me good resolves sometimes," he says elsewhere, "and I lead a better life; they last for a time or so, sometimes more, sometimes less, and then, through the fickleness of my temper and too great confidence in myself, I fall into my old courses; ay, often far worse. You see my weakness, dear Dick, and my failings; plead and pray for me; we will plead and pray for one another." Subjects of every sort are discussed by these friends. In one letter Burke argues fully and learnedly respecting the amount of reason with which animals are endowed. In another he discusses the scholastic question, "Whether God can sin." Shackleton had argued thus; "God cannot lie; to lie is to sin; therefore God cannot sin;" and Burke, without denying the conclusion, shows the incompleteness of the syllogism.

Between the friends arose in 1770 one misunderstanding. To please one of his acquaintances, Shackleton had written a biographical sketch of Burke (then grown to be a leading man in the House of Commons) and of his family. The document found its way into the newspapers. Burke was naturally aggrieved. He wrote to his friend, saying that he cared little for the gross and virulent abuse heaped upon him by avowed enemies, but that the professed apology and panegyric of one intimate with him hurt him not a little. "A rough public man may be proof against all sorts of buffets, and he has no business to be a public man if he be not so; but there is as natural and proper a delicacy in the other sex, which will not make it very pleasant to my wife to be the daily subject of Grub Street and newspaper invectives." Shackleton was overwhelmed with regret. "I have used thee and thy family grossly ill," he said in reply. "It was done in the simplicity of my heart; I mean the writing of it. The giving a copy of it I will not call indiscretion, but madness and folly." Burke was more than satisfied, and heartily sorry at his severity. "A little trifling, mere imprudence at worst," were his words, "did by no means deserve anything like a reproof, much less so harsh a one. Pray forget it, as the

world has, and as I do; burn the letter I wrote, which deserves no better fate." Fortunately the letter was not burnt, but remains to give one touch more to the portrait of the statesman whom Englishmen hold in regard not least perhaps because of the impetuosity which, if it led him sometimes into error, urged him also constantly to generous and patriotic action.

From that time the friendship was too strong to be disturbed. Burke undertook to visit Ballitore once every year, and kept his promise as well as business would allow him. His affection for Richard Shackleton made him partial in his judgment upon the verses written by his friend's daughter; and she, authoress of *The Annals of Ballitore*, has recorded some pleasant anecdotes about her hero. Once, we learn, Burke took Session the artist to Ireland, and persuaded his friend to sit for a picture. "He consented, though it was against his judgment, as not consonant to the practice of our society. Probably for this reason," adds the quaint Quakeress, "an expression of uneasiness appears on the portrait." Burke liked to frequent the old schoolhouse, and watch the temperaments of his friend's pupils, and they rejoiced to listen to his talk. We read of one conversation at which a promising youth was present and showed his delight, although too modest to join in the discourse, when Shackleton, suddenly turning to him, bade him speak, at the same time assuring his friend that he could speak, and to the purpose. The lad blushed, and Burke, truer judge of character than his friend, answered angrily, "You insult his modesty."

In 1792 Richard Shackleton died, and Burke wrote to his daughter a very manly letter of condolence. The daughter inherited much of her father's wit and learning, and copied his piety. Born in 1758, and married in 1791 to William Leadbeater, she spent nearly all her life of eight-and-sixty years in her native village, working faithfully to improve the condition of both rich and poor around her, and writing several volumes of verse and prose, according to a fashion of authorship at that time uppermost. Most of the verse was loaded with compliments addressed to Burke and every other friend. Most of the prose consisted of books written in Miss Edgeworth's style, for and on behalf of children and peasants.

The Annals of Ballitore, extending from her eighth to her sixty-sixth year, is perhaps the most interesting of all. As a picture of her own career, and as a series of sketches of Irish village life, the book is equally entertaining. It resembles, to quote the just praise of Mrs. Richard Trench, "a highly finished Dutch painting, in which one of the best artists has represented village scenery and manners, and where one is not only struck by the general effect, but amused and interested by the details, which all bear to be separately examined. As a faithful portrait of a small but interesting circle it is really curious, and will become more so every day as those minute particulars, neglected by the historian and exaggerated by the novelist, increase in value as they increase in years." Little anecdotes become pathetic when told with the simplicity and earnestness that mark the pages of these *Annals*. Trivial circumstances become important when their record helps us to trace the progress of national thought and social habit. Every villager was Mary Leadbeater's friend, and of nearly every one she tells us something that illustrates the natural goodness of the human heart or the added grace of Christian virtue.

The same book also affords us full information about Mrs. Leadbeater herself, a worthy type of the excellent women commonly to be found among members of the Society of Friends. True to her Quaker principles, she was not too bigoted to read such profane literature as Byron's poems and Madame de Staël's novels, and of her best friends many were not of her own persuasion. Of those friends one of the most talented was Mrs. Trench, first known to her as Melisina St. George. "I was surprised and affected," we read of their first acquaintance in 1802, "when I beheld her seated on one of the kitchen chairs in the scullery, for coolness, hearing a company of little children of her tenants sing out their lessons to her." Mrs. Trench was owner of the Ballybarney estate, close to Ballitore, and almost the choicest portion of the *Leadbeater Papers* is the correspondence which shows us the lady, of whose refined wit and varied talent we have lately heard much, in the capacity of a generous friend to her peasantry, and one much in advance of her age in efforts to amend their condition. We can dispense

with the labored compliments proper to the letter-writing of that day; and of the gossip about the worlds of literature and fashion we have already had many entertaining specimens. The value of these new letters lies in their evidence of Mrs. Trench's private worth and generosity towards her dependants. Spending most of her time in England or on the Continent, she had in Mrs. Leadbeater a willing agent for the working out of all her plans, and a wise helper to more good deeds. One letter contains a suggestion for the establishment of a school at which workmen and children might receive evening instruction. The honest Quakeress, who entered heartily into the plan, wrote straightway, telling of a teacher on whom she could rely, and proposing that the lads should be asked to come "with their own implements for learning, one bringing a candle one night, another the next, and so on, without paying anything for their instruction." Elsewhere she tells how she has offered garden-premiums to the villagers, and promised an additional guinea to the one whose house is kept most neatly. She is anxious to have a few trees planted near each cottage, and sets to work at the formation of a benefit society. Very amusing are some of her accounts of village life. The village schoolmistress and her husband once, for the first time during forty years, left their cottage on a short visit to a place a few miles distant. "The house is left to the care of Providence and the neighbors. Three of the scholars have charge of the pig; another has taken the chickens home with her." The bandbox with two old bonnets and the family trunk and bag were entrusted to two other friends, while the looking-glass was taken for greater safety to Mrs. Leadbeater's daughter. Every one came out to see the couple depart in their hired chaise, and then the old lady, turning to her house and raising her hands, pronounced this benediction, while respectful awe preserved the gravity of her attendants: "May goodness preserve my place till I come back!"

Other passages of these letters tell us of the writer's own ways of life. In one Mrs. Leadbeater describes the carriage in which she goes about visiting her cottagers. "It has block wheels; we sit on it on each side, with our legs hanging down, and I find it a most pleasant and safe conveyance, being so near the ground as not to dread the consequence of a fall." In another Mrs. Trench tells of her confinement with her husband in a Welsh inn during four days after a heavy fall of snow. "I passed them very pleasantly. I assure you that the excess of pity which has been lavished on Mr. Trench and me for having been four days wholly dependent on each other's society for amusement has raised in me many an inward smile, as being, while intended for politeness, the very essence of rudeness."

Every notable book, as it appeared, received criticism from these letter-writers. Mrs. Trench finds Lady Mary Montague's last-published letters "heartless, flippant, selfish, and indelicate;" and Mrs. Leadbeater says of "The Corsair," just published: "I think it outdoes all Lord Byron's outdoings—a fine rapid course of majestic poetry, with most brilliant touches, and some very natural ones. Yet while Lord Byron's poetry calls forth our highest admiration, I think it wants that pathos which touches the heart, and with which Walter Scott so frequently calls forth the 'unbidden tear.'" The hearty praise is generally reserved for Melisina St. George's "Mary Queen of Scots," and Mary Leadbeater's "Cottage Dialogues," with all the other "beautiful verses" and charming prose which each lady produced. But these are trifling faults, quite redeemed by the goodness of heart (from which, indeed, they chiefly sprang), abundantly illustrated in these volumes. Mrs. Trench's name is well known, and has lately won the respect that it deserves. It cannot be but that *The Leadbeater Papers* will please very many readers, and secure much admiration for the quiet, hearty Quakeress, who is their principal heroine.

CHAPTER XI. A GALLERY OF PICTURES.

In this country the infant mind at an early stage of its development is made acquainted with two important propositions: one being that idleness is the root of all Evil; the other, that the English are naturally an Industrious People. These are impressed upon the youthful student by that system of iteration which seems to be the great secret of education. He daily writes the one in his copy-book, and reads the other from his Guy's Geography, until he is generally supposed to be impregnated with them, and as a result to believe in both most fully and potently. It should be rather said, however, not so much that he accepts as that he does not refuse these axioms, or, at most, that he receives them with that intellectual lethargy and languid unquestioning, that suspension of mental activity which forms a large part of faith and conviction, or what passes for such, all over the world. For it appears to be held that men have a vital belief, and they are so credited, provided they have not already debited themselves with a lively proclaimed Pyrrhonism.

A consequence of this state of things is that there are no recognized drones in Great Britain's hive. Though all are not equally industrious, all affect to be equally busy, and so the respectability of the thing is apparently well maintained. If you are determined to be lazy, you must be so behind a screen. Be idle if you will, only don't profess idleness. The nation does not object to compromise the matter. Indeed, as a rule the popular notion of virtue in general is that it is a fair subject for compromise. Like legal gin, virtue is not required by society to be above, while there is no limitation as to how much it may be under, a certain proof. A little adulteration is rather desirable; in its integrity the article might almost be recommended by a shopkeeper, as "well adapted for mixing purposes." Few take it "neat;" it so unfits them for the business of life: and some are satisfied with a very considerable dilution. Be idle, but have an excuse. Eat your dinners and call yourself a barrister, or enter the army for some two months, or engage a studio and pretend you follow the fine arts; or, if you live in the country, become a J.P., and maintain your respectability by twice a year damning a peasant as a poacher. Wear a

mask; you need not mind how thin it is; hide your head in the sand like the ostrich, and the world, more obliging than the bird's foes, will concede that your whole body is admirably concealed. Shams are now and then abused, but they are dearly loved for all that; and they are indispensable to civilization. Look at a prince affecting to be a bricklayer, and laying a first stone; how he messes about with the silver trowel, and how the public applauds him—how it glories in the scene! Certainly shams are great institutions! Are all great institutions shams?

But it is not only in the higher circles that people pretend to be busy as an excuse for doing nothing. Royalty plays at soldiering and sailing; our nobility follow the pursuit of legislation—there are certainly some very unbusiness-like senators; gentlemen of fortune bob their heads for one day in the law courts, and are burdened with a wig box and the title of barrister for the remainder of their natural lives (what would some of these do—how angry they would be—supposing anybody were to send them a brief!); very superior creatures have entered the army for the express purpose of retiring from it; there have been even clergymen who don't preach, and can't cure souls; perhaps doctors who heal for love and not for fees. And it is the same through all the strata of society. The analogy fits to every rundle of the ladder. There are plenty of persons, for instance, who keep shops by way of becomingly doing nothing. I have heard of crossing-sweepers whose avocation was a mere pretence—men of fortune, they held the broom from no regard for halfpence; simply because it behoved them to assume the semblance of industry; because they had heard the statements that Idleness was the root of all Evil, and that the English were an Industrious People and knew that as citizens they must act accordingly.

It cannot be supposed that all the shops in London are remunerative. Of course not. Many of them are tradesmen's follies in disguise, excuses for idleness; sometimes even expensive hobbies. As he cannot do nothing as a non-practising advocate or parson, or a retired soldier, the shopkeeper with a taste for idleness does nothing as a shopkeeper. I am about to introduce the reader to a shop and shopkeeper of this kind.

Soho Square had not been wholly handed

over to trade, and many neighboring streets had been only partially disfigured by shops. But the neighborhood was steadily on the decline. Private houses were emptying—were in decided decadence. As a symbol of fall there were here and there tablets affixed between the parlor windows, inscribed with trade announcements: it was as though the houses had been marked out for destruction. By and by, parlor windows were abolished; the front was taken off the lower part of the house; for a day or two it remained like that—a ghastly object with an open wound; then came the inevitable, unmistakable shop window. Gentility was gone forever: Commerce reigned in its stead.

On a door of one of the houses in Freer Street, on the right-hand side going from Soho Square, was the name of "J. Phillimore." No mention of a trade followed this name, nor had the ground floor windows been blended into a shop front. Yet it was evident that some kind of business was supposed to be carried on in the house; decidedly some such impression was intended to be conveyed. For in one of the windows was a very black oil-painting, of small size and without a frame, that looked as though it had been steeped in treacle. In the other window stood a carved frame, black with age, but without a picture; and it was not large enough for the picture in the window first mentioned. There was a background of green baize to these properties. What trade was carried on by Mr. Phillimore? If you had asked his neighbors they would have informed you that Mr. Phillimore was a picture-dealer, and they would have considered that such an answer afforded you ample instruction on the subject.

It hardly did that. Mr. Phillimore kept a shop for the express purpose of doing nothing in it. He had not dealt in pictures for very many years; he never intended to deal in pictures again. He no more contemplated selling the picture and the frame in his windows, symbolizing his supposititious trade, than a gold-beater reckons upon an offer to purchase the gilded arm and hammer projecting from his first-floor. There were one or two more pictures in the front room, which was not fitted up in the least like a shop; these also were rather treacly in hue, and quite French polished in surface, but were no more for sale than the ordinary fittings

of the parlor of a private family. Mr. Phillimore lived on the premises. He was rich enough to retire from business, perhaps, but not rich enough to retire from his shop. So he resided in Freer Street, doing nothing but in compliance with social requirements previously alluded to: affecting to be a tradesman—pretending to deal in pictures.

It was a comfortable room, with a turkey carpet, a red flock paper, a bronze chandelier, antique chairs, and a mirror set in carved oak over the fireplace. The room at the back was its counterpart, only that it was smaller. Mr. Phillimore occupied the back room as a matter of preference. It was less cheerful than the other. It looked on to a water-butt and had a fine prospect of slated roofs and out-buildings and kitchen chimneys. But perhaps he had never been able to divest himself altogether of the notion that the front room was after all, strictly speaking, a shop; while no such impeachment could in any way attach to the back-parlor. And he became the room, did Mr. Phillimore; for he too was comfortable-looking—a prosperous man leading a cosy, methodical, enjoyable life; a bachelor, without the slightest intention of ever changing his condition. A bald-headed man, with yet a half-chaplet of rather long gray hair, and sometimes a jaunty velvet cap to hide his baldness, for he considered and cultivated his appearance. Round rosy features, a twinkling black eye, dark eyebrows, a portly figure carefully dressed. He always wore black, a complete suit, with a dress coat, a stiff, white neckerchief, a frilled shirt adorned with a large brooch. A man came regularly to shave him early in the morning, after which he breakfasted in a superb broad-clothed dressing-gown; then he read the paper scrupulously; at midday he assumed the whitest cravat, and thrust his neat feet into the brightest boots that could be seen for miles round. He was then dressed for the day. He took most delicious snuff from a grand gold box; he smoked occasionally very fragrant tobacco from a gorgeous pipe, silver mounted and with a china bowl, exquisitely painted. He had in his cellar some of the nicest port wine (in pints) that ever was tasted. Mr. Phillimore led altogether a very snug, sybaritic life in the back-parlor behind his counterfeit shop.

He was walking up and down the front

room in a reflective sort of way, to the music of his massive watch-key and seals rattling before him, and the money jingling in his pockets. He hummed an air of an operatic character now and then for his own amusement. He had a prosperous *abandon* about him altogether that was indeed charming.

A knock at the street door.

Mr. Phillimore peeped furtively over the green baize screen, the background of the picture in the window.

"I thought as much," he said. And he went out into the passage. "Never mind, Sally," he cried over the kitchen stairs; "I'll open the door."

"Good-morning, sir," he said, in a frank, cordial way, to a gentleman who stood on the doorstep. "Pray walk in. He's not come home yet, but I expect him every minute. Step in," and Mr. Phillimore led the way into his front room. The gentleman, tall, handsome, with a pleasant smile, evidently amused, followed him.

"Do you know, sir," Mr. Phillimore began, "do you know sir—Mr.—Martin, I think?"

"Yes, Martin."

"Do you know, Mr. Martin, that you are singularly like a Lawrence?"

"Indeed," said Mr. Martin, with a puzzled expression.

"Yes. I've seen a great many of Sir Thomas' heads that were very much less in his own manner, and very much less worthy of him than yours is. Quite the Lawrence eye—bright and piercing, and the Lawrence lips, beautifully drawn, with a dimple at each end of them. Yes, you're undoubtedly a very fine example of Sir Thomas, in very nice preservation. My remarks astonish you, perhaps?"

"Well: they strike me as a little unusual."

"But they're not rude, believe me, and they are distinctly true—they have that merit. You see, in the course of a career of some length as a picture-dealer, a great number of works have passed through my hands; in fact, I think, I have almost seen as many painted semblances of my fellow-creatures, as I've seen real human beings, and I cannot resist classifying them. My trade instincts get the better of me, and I refer them all to their proper schools. For myself, now,"—and Mr. Phillimore inspected his

plump face in the glass over the fireplace—"I am Dutch, decidedly—quite in the Flemish manner. I might be a Von Tilberg, or an Ostade, or a Brauwer. Portrait of a Burgomaster. I should look very well like that in a catalogue; a little change of dress, a velvet cloak with a fur collar, a gold chain or so, and I should be perfect. And Sally! You've seen our servant Sally, here. Well, old Sally is a perfect Rembrandt—a delicious example—she ought never to be touched, much less cleaned; just a little dusting now and then with a silk handkerchief, that would be quite sufficient. They've taken to spoiling her up-stairs under the notion of smartening her up. They mean well, but it's a great mistake. She's worth any money as she is. She's got the right snuffy sort of shadow under her nose, and all her wrinkles are in the most superb *impasto* you ever set eyes upon. And our friend up-stairs, mind you, is a very respectable Velasquez, very respectable indeed, fit for any gallery, or," and Mr. Phillimore mused a little, "he might almost be Zurbaran. With a particular kind of glazing, he'd even be taken for a Spagnoletto, and by no means a bad specimen of the master."

"And the lady?"

"Ah! the lady's charming: Raphael-esque, isn't she? beautiful I call her. If she's not a genuine Raphael,—there are very few genuine Raphaels,—she's a fine production of the school of Raphael. She's the lovely brow and liquid gray eyes, with the beautiful high light in them. Not raw paint, mind; but the most tender demi-tint—exquisite! She was too much for me—quite too much for me. I gave in at once. You see, you don't often have a real Raphael—even an approach to one—knocking at your street door. What could I do? My lodgers had all been single men before. I thought I preferred single men. I thought my Rembrandt in the kitchen preferred single men; but when *she* wanted to take the apartments what could I do but let them to her? I never thought to have so splendid a specimen of the Italian school so near me. And that's two years ago—and she's as good as ever, the color hasn't gone down a bit. That's the thing with the old masters—they're so sound—no mistake about them—last beautiful forever! Almost improve with keeping, like good wine. You wouldn't care to

take port before your dinner, or I think I could give you a nice glass. None of your tawny, dry, thin stuff, but old, with a grand body and a heavenly bouquet. That's the port wine I like. We must have a bottle together some day, I know you'll like it. You don't get such wine as that every day. No one does. Yes," and Mr. Phillimore resumed the thread of his discourse. "I feel with these people in my house that my collection is almost unique. I don't really know where it could possibly be matched. And then, last year, they had a friend to stop with them, a friend from the country, a young lady—"

"A sister?"

"A sister of Raphael's Madonna, I believe she was, Madge they called her. Exceedingly charming. I had great difficulty in classing her. Sometimes I thought she was a Lancret, and there were moments when I even regarded her as a Greuze. The woman is very beautiful who carries into womanhood the beauty of infancy. You see that often in Greuze, though he often spoils it with his Frenchness; he will sometimes make his child-woman *conscious*—a cruel mistake. She was very delightful was the sister of Raphael's Madonna."

Mr. Martin bowed his acquiescence. He was amused and yet puzzled with the picture-dealer. He found it difficult to conceive that it was only for this he had been drawn into the ground-floor. But he entered thoroughly into the spirit of his new friend's humor.

"And the baby?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, the baby." And Mr. Phillimore paused as though the baby were a very serious subject indeed. "Who'd have thought of a baby being born in this house! I wonder the authorities didn't refuse to register the birth. By Jove! they'd have been almost justified; upon a *prima facie* view the thing might well seem impossible. But when you once break through a rule, when you once give up a sworn determination to have only single men lodgers, you must be prepared to take the consequences, even though they should assume the form of babies! And do you know a baby isn't, after all, so black as it's painted; the idea is, after all, frequently worse than the actuality. I am a bachelor—I intend to remain so—there's no fear of my altering my mind

in that respect—don't mistake me. I have brought myself up in the bachelor creed that a baby was a bore, a nuisance, a horror; and that its cries were distressing, agonizing, maddening. There's been exaggeration in the matter. I don't mind the baby upstairs, bless you! not a bit. I don't like its crying, I confess; but I don't mind it. It's nothing to what I thought it would be; and then its chuckle and crowing are certainly pleasant. I don't think infancy has ever had credit sufficient given to it in those respects. To think of the Rembrandt down-stairs taking to the baby as she has! It's wonderful. Somehow women seem to me to get intoxicated with babies, just as if they were so much grog. They pretend they don't care for them at first, and would rather not, and then they begin to sip; and, finally, go regularly mad about them. You should hear my Rembrandt talking nonsense to the baby for hours together, and dancing it about, and rocking it till she must be tired to death; but she'd rather go on till she dropped, than give way to anybody else, bless you! It's extraordinary what an influence a baby has in a house; rules it, quite. Why, do you know, that one day when the baby was ill, or they thought it was (I think, myself, that babies often pretend to be ill just to assert themselves, and test their authority), well, they thought the child had a croup-cough, or something of that sort; and I could not get Sally to clean my boots; no, not for any money, I couldn't. She was too busy with the baby; and what's more, I submitted to it. I did, upon my word. I wore dirty boots all that day, for the first time in my life."

"Ah! Mr. Phillimore, you ought to have been a married man, and a father," said Mr. Martin, laughing.

"Do you think so?" and the picture-dealer mused over the observation. "Somehow it never occurred to me to be so."

"But the baby considered as a work of art—"

"Flemish, at present. Oh! very Flemish. Between you and me" (Mr. Phillimore lowered his voice), "it isn't very pretty just now; though I wouldn't for the world hint such a thing, up-stairs. It isn't nice in point of color; the flesh tones are particularly hot and overdone; it's wanting in expression, too, and repose; and I'm not at all sure that

it's quite the right thing in point of drawing. But it's not to be looked upon as a finished work at present, it's a mere sketch; and it's in very good hands, and I've no doubt they'll make something of it. Perhaps a *Fiamingo* modelled for Rubens; or if it should ultimately develop into a Study of a Child by Sir Joshua! a companion to *Infancy*—say—what a prize it would be, what a glorious thing! God bless me! only to think of it!" and the dealer grew so warm with his enthusiasm that he had to rub his bald head with a large red and green silk handkerchief, quite laboriously.

"I thought the baby very pretty; but, perhaps, that was because I was godfather," remarked Mr. Martin.

"Well, I'm bound to say that it looks remarkably well from certain points of view. Very much depends upon the *pose*. But in a particular *pose* everybody's good-looking almost. Sometimes the baby is a very nice object indeed. Only the other day, I was going up-stairs, past the front drawing-room; it was partly open, I couldn't help peeping in just a very little. I was not noticed, and my curiosity harmed no one. But, near the fireplace, there was one of the loveliest compositions I think I ever beheld. It would have fetched any money at a sale. A perfect *riposa*. The father, in shadow, was by no means a bad St. Joseph, while the Madonna and child were of course delicious, worthy of the best days of Italian art. I never felt so proud of my lodgers before."

There was a knock at the door.

"That's St. Joseph," said the dealer. "I know his knock. Don't go away. The Rembrandt will open the door. Dear me, how I've been wasting time! I had something I particularly desired to say to you, but here have I been carried away by my foolish fancies about the Fine Arts, and my old picture-dealing habits. But look here. How shall I begin? Bless my soul how stupid I am!"

He walked up and down the room hurriedly, with an evidently embarrassed air. Then he stopped suddenly.

"They tell me," he said, with some solemnity, "that St. Joseph on the first floor is what's called an author—a writer—a literary gentleman. Is that so?"

"Yes. Mr. Wilford is the author of one or two books of some fame."

"Is he indeed, now? Well, so I was informed. Dear me! to think of that." Then, after a pause, he asked abruptly. "Is he poor?"

"Poor?"

"There—there. You're astonished, you're offended. I've said what I oughtn't to; and it's all no business of mine, and so on, and so on. But my motive is not impertinent—it's all right and proper. I do assure you it is."

"Doesn't he pay his rent?" asked Mr. Martin, laughing.

"Yes, yes, he pays his rent—regular—to the day. I've not a word of complaint to make on that or on any other score. I may be doing wrong, though I don't mean it. I'm only a tradesman, and I don't know much out of my own line of business, perhaps, if you come to press me on that point. But I once knew a writer—a literary man if you prefer it—who wasn't rich, not by any means, who on the contrary, if I may say so, was deuced poor—uncommon, infernally. He lived in a garret not far from here, and was a good deal in debt, and wasn't often flush of money, and didn't dress very well—and in fact was about as shabby a looking beggar as you ever set eyes on, and wasn't over clean, and not often sober—I never knew a fellow take so kindly to gin as he did. Well, they found him one day almost starving in his back attic, and I and some others helped to put him on his legs again; and you don't know how comfortable it made me feel doing that; for he was a clever fellow, no doubt of it—he wrote all the poetry for the big blacking establishment in the Strand, and I have heard say that he sometimes did verses for Catnach! A wonderfully clever fellow, and very good company when he was sober. In fact, I may say, while I am on the subject, that I know him now, and that he comes to see me now and then, just to say how d'ye do, and borrow half-a-crown or so, and see if there is anything to drink anywhere about the premises. His name is Loafe, one of the Loafes of Cow Cross, I believe. However, that's neither here nor there. What I want to come to is this. I heard that my lodger, St. Joseph, was a writer, and then the thought came to me whether, for all his punctuality about his rent—for he is deuced proud, I know that—whether, for all that,

he mightn't be poor too—not so bad as the other chap I was telling you about—Loafe—but still poor, hard up, you know, sometimes. And I wanted to say that if he'd rather wait as to paying his rent, or if he'd rather not pay it at all, or if he'd like me ever to lend him some money, or—by George—if he'd like me to give it him, he should have it, as much as he liked, as long as he liked, or forever, if he chose.

"I am sure, Mr. Phillimore, this is most kind—really generous, but—"

"Now don't be in a hurry. Though I live here I'm well off—as well off as many tradesmen that have left their shops for good and all, and gone to villas at Brixton. My wants are not many, and in fact, I don't spend my income. A nice glass of port—not every day, mind you, or I shouldn't value it so much—first-rate washing for my neck-ties, and the best blacking for my boots. Those are my only extravagances; all the rest are simply necessities, and cost a mere trifle. I go half-price to the play now and then, but what's that? If my lodgers want help, or anything that money can buy, they shall have it—by Jove they shall—or my name isn't Isaac Phillimore."

"But, my dear sir, they want nothing. Mr. Wilford is a steadily rising man; he's doing well—very well indeed. I should say he was making money fast. Authors are not what they were. Authors are not all like—like the gentleman—Mr. Loafe, I think you said—your friend, who composed the blacking acrostics in the back attic. Now-a-days, literary gentlemen eat and drink of the best—in moderation—and ride in carriages, and don't wear shabby clothes, nor write verses for Catnach—at least not all of us. For I must tell you, Mr. Phillimore—I, also, am an author."

"You an author? You, Mr. Martin? A superb Sir Thomas Lawrence! Can such things be? Say no more, I am convinced. Authors are changed indeed. An author a Sir Thomas Lawrence! I pictured him a tatterdemalion by Callot! Pray forgive me. And not a word to St. Joseph—I wouldn't offend him for the world. And it's all arisen from my love for my lodgers. I won't detain you a moment longer. I dare say the dinder up-stairs is waiting for you."

The Sir Thomas Lawrence, his smile

stretching to a hearty laugh, made his way to the drawing-room.

He was heartily greeted by Mr. Phillimore's lodgers.

"Hullo! here's George at last. We thought you'd forgotten us. How are you?" cried Wilford.

"How are you, Wil? how do you do Mrs. Wilford? how's baby?"

"Now, Vi, let's have dinner. I think Martin's hungry, and I know I am."

Wilford Hadfield and his wife were residing on Mr. Phillimore's first floor. They were called Mr. and Mrs. Wilford.

"What a mistake," quoth the picture-dealer. "What injustice I've done the *riposa*. I feel the Raphael would be very angry if she knew, and the Velasquez would turn to a Spagnoletto in expression. I should like to be of use to them. They're a charming group. But I've made a wrong start. I think I must put on another cravat, my emotion has crumpled this; and perhaps have just a glass or two of the port, to steady my nerves; perhaps go half-price to the play, to amuse myself, for there'll be a tremendous reaction after all this excitement!"

CHAPTER XII.—MR. PHILLIMORE'S FIRST FLOOR.

NEARLY two years have passed since Mr. Fuller's daughter Violet left Grilling Abbots church the wife of Wilford Hadfield. Time has very little changed her. If possible, her beauty has been enhanced by her new position. A wife and a mother, she now possesses claims for admiration even more remarkable than those of pretty Miss Fuller of Grilling Abbots. And Mr. Phillimore's judgment was perfectly correct, and one to which it is believed the reader would give unqualified assent, provided the same opportunities for arriving at an opinion were available—the young mother bending over her baby son formed a very charming composition indeed, in every way Raphaelesque and beautiful. Wilford, the St. Joseph of the group according to the picture-dealer, is still pale and gaunt-looking, but his dejected manner has gone; the gray has made no further advance in his locks and beard; his eyes are brighter; he may be said, altogether, to look younger than when, two years back, he was recovering slowly from

his nervous illness. He is alert, active, industrious, for his life has now color, and object, and worth. He is a hard-working man of letters, who has achieved respectable literary fame; he toils earnestly for the support of his wife and child, for he has been true to his old resolutions. He has declined all aid from his brother, or to receive any share in the Hadfield property. He has permitted to be carried out in their strict integrity the terms of his father's will. Still the brothers are good friends, and correspond occasionally. But the letter-writing is conducted as a rule with greater punctuality by the ladies of the two families. To Violet, Gertrude addresses very long narratives concerning her children, the doings at the Grange, and the latest Grilling Abbots news; while Violet returns equally interesting despatches, written closely on several sheets of note-paper—and the writing crossed as only women cross writing—containing full particulars of her little boy, especially in regard to the color of his eyes and hair, with certain digressions as to teething and gums, and other infant distresses; and information also as to Wilford's health and doings, and literary progress. Stephen has been once or twice in town, when he has visited his brother and sister-in-law residing on Mr. Phillimore's first floor, and been cordially received. Wilford, in spite of much fervid invitation and solicitation, has steadily refused to revisit the Grange—at all events, for the present, for so he has qualified his refusals, whether with any idea of availing himself of that qualification must remain a secret known only to himself. So it may be noted that Violet and Gertrude have, between themselves, two or three little grievances, upon which they occasionally harp and comment and interchange opinions in their correspondence. Amongst these subjects of regret and complaint should be stated Wilford's steady renunciation of the name of Hadfield (his first book—a collection of essays, very fairly successful—was published under the name of George Wilford, by which, indeed, he is generally known to the world); and further in his declining to return forever so little to Grilling Abbots, in his hesitation to be acknowledged as the uncle of his brother's children, and worse than all in the slight offered to Gertrude's last baby by his refusal

to stand as sponsor, or to give his name to the child. (N.B. This is the second baby since the one referred to in Violet's letter, set out in a former chapter, and about which a similar cause of offence had arisen. Gertrude had been persistent in her endeavors to draw her brother-in-law as closely as possible to the family at the Grange; it says much for her and her efforts in this respect that she had even forgiven these uncomplimentary proceedings in regard to her offspring.)

George Martin, of Plowden Buildings, frequently visited Mr. Phillimore's first-floor lodgers. In the first place, he had been known as an old friend of Wilford's in days gone by; he was now his literary ally, they had been *collaborateurs* on various employments, they had many sympathies, entertained many opinions in common, and were greatly attached to each other. But their pursuits were rather approximate than identical. Martin's literary achievements were mostly of a critical nature—he was allied as a reviewer to more than one journal of importance. Wilford had of late ventured more into the realms of imaginative literature; he began to be recognized as a writer of fiction, and he had a novel of full length on the eve of publication.

Violet had at once perceived that Martin was in every way worthy of being her husband's friend, and always welcomed him with pleasure to their home. George Martin not slowly won the appreciation of Mrs. Wilford. His regard for her husband would have been almost sufficient recommendation, but it must be added to this that Martin was, in the language of the picture-dealer, "a very fine specimen of Sir Thomas Lawrence"—that is to say, a man of refined and agreeable mien, handsome, intellectual, and with singularly attractive manners. And this—to Mr. Phillimore's amazement—notwithstanding that he gained his living by literary occupation.

George Martin was therefore often a guest at the table of the Wilfords. No very special arrangements were made on his account. The dinner was always sufficient yet simple. He was not converted into an excuse for unusual stateliness or pretentious discomfort. He was paid the compliment of being supposed willing to be contented with the ordinary habits of the family. Violet was

too good a housewife ever to provide ill-conditioned meals. Dinner parties were not given by the Wilfords; nevertheless, George Martin was always sure of good cheer and a pleasant evening, when invited to the first-floor in Freer Street. The dining together of three people who are intimate friends is really a very pleasing thing.

The Rembrandt rendered inefficient service at the dinner-table—but three diners can generally manage with very little attendance. The cloth removed, a bottle was produced which, if it did not reach the choiceness of quality of Mr. Phillimore's port (in pints), was nevertheless pronounced, by all interested, to be of a highly creditable vintage.

George Martin took great pleasure in these little dinners in Freer Street. A hard-working Temple bachelor, he seldom "went into society," as the phrase is. He could not often devote time sufficient to such a proceeding, and gradually he had confined himself more and more to the retirement of his rooms, content to lead a life quiet, if sombre, which permitted to him the full enjoyment of his literary tastes, and made no calls upon his leisure for the accomplishment of inconvenient etiquette. For society is exacting. You are required incessantly to render homage and swear fealty, and acknowledge your vassalage, or you are accounted contumacious and unworthy, and your privileges are denied to you. Your time and your smiles and your best *mots*; your white neckcloth, varnished boots, and gloves of exquisite fabric, must always be ready, producible at the very shortest notice; hesitate, and like a martinet officer, society pounces upon you, and dismisses you from her ranks. It was not from the churlishness which often chains men to dull, dismal lives in obscure dwellings and by-paths of the world, that George Martin shrunk from social intercourse with his contemporaries. He was in every way fitted to shine where culture and cleverness and polished manners were esteemed. And he would probably have liked to have earned distinction in this way; but somehow he had turned his life into different channels. Indolence and industry had combined to effect this. He could not sufficiently apply himself to the wooing of society's smiles and caresses; he followed with too great an avidity contrary

pursuits. But in the society of his friends in Freer Street, he found considerations for his tastes in both directions. There was an elegance and refinement and repose about Violet it would have been hard anywhere to match. He felt that to earn her regard was a fair exercise of all his powers of pleasing. While her husband was his valued fellow-workman, whose presence was a warrant for his adherence to professional considerations.

"Don't you think, Mr. Martin, that Wilford is looking very much too pale and thin?" Violet asked.

"This is Violet's constant crotchet, you must know, Martin. I believe we are all said to be slightly insane on certain topics. This is Violet's weak point—my state of health; my paleness and thinness. I really ought to be a skeleton by this time, considering the shocking way in which I've been going on, or going off, I should rather say, during the last two years, according to V's account."

"Yes, you always try to laugh off the question," said Violet; "but I shall still ask Mr. Martin to give me his opinion."

"Well, say Martin; do I look very pale and thin?" asked Wilford.

"Yes, I think you do. I've been thinking so for some time past," answered his friend.

"I was sure Mr. Martin would agree with me," exclaimed Violet.

"Yes, Vi, but it's only to agree with you that he says so."

"No; my opinion is perfectly unprejudiced. You ought really to take a holiday. I am sure you have earned one; you have been working very hard indeed of late."

"No holiday for me, just at present. I must see my book safely through the press, first; then we can, perhaps, begin to think about holiday-making. Do you know, Martin, it's rather cruel and tiring, and desponding work, correcting one's proofs. They come dropping in, day after day, a sheet at a time. One gets to have at last such a minced notion of one's book; at least so I find it. I grow so giddy over the fragments, I can't put them together at all at last, and fail to have any idea as to what the thing is really like and worth as a whole."

"I see you've been torturing yourself dreadfully. You really ought to have a change; or you'll get much worse if you've

taken to thinking in this way. Let me prescribe for you," said Martin. "Go to Paris for a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Martin," said Violet, gayly, "that is precisely my advice. He needs change very much, and I'm sure a week at Paris would be a great benefit to him."

"No, no," said her husband, rather seriously, "that would never do; besides," he added, "I hate Paris."

"You hate Paris! You heretic!" cried Martin, laughing. "But I forgot, every one does not think as I do, though that is not a reason why I should be wrong. But I am not an imaginative writer, I don't deal in fiction—I criticise, I don't create; and it seems to me that there are only two places worth living in—London and Paris. I would divide my time equally between them if I could; but I am obliged to remain in London the greater part of the year; when I do get a holiday I go to Paris; the holiday over, I return to London."

"You do not care, then, for the country, nor the seaside?" Violet asked.

"I prefer people to places; I would sooner have crowds of faces round me than be alone in the midst of magnificent scenery. A mountain is very superb, but can one look at it honestly for more than five minutes? Is it not exhausted and done with at the end of that time, especially if one is neither a poet nor a painter? And the sea is very grand, and I enjoy it immensely for a quarter of an hour; I watch it bend down and turn summersaults and tumble into foam; I watch the repetition of this feat again and again, till at last I think I know all about it, I begin to yawn a little, I grow decidedly weary; I think I know all the sea can do; disrespectfully I throw a stone at it and turn from the beach to see about the Paris or London trains. A dreadful confession, is it not, Mrs. Wilford?"

"Yes; and I can only half believe it. But the country—do you not find it a great relief after hard work in town?"

"It's too great a relief. The violent change upsets me. The absence of noise, for instance; the awful quiet of the country makes me feel somehow not that there is no noise, but that I am suddenly deaf and can't hear it—not a comforting sensation. And country fare is too good for me, it makes me ill

—I miss my metropolitan adulterations—and then I so miss the crowd; I want the streets and shops and houses, the swarms of men and women."

"But the scenery?"

"Very wonderful and charming, but it never keeps my attention long. I have nothing in common with it, so it seems to me. There is a want of human interest in it. Do you care for reading poetry that is all landscape and color, flowers and water and sky, and hasn't one fellow-creature breathing through it? I confess it tires me dreadfully. I am frightfully practical. I have lived so long in towns that I have lost my taste perhaps for the country, just as captives become so accustomed to their prisons that they quit them with regret. And there is no real solitude and retirement in the country; where there are so very few people every one becomes as it were the public property of the rest. For real isolation and quiet, London, after all, is the only place."

"And especially a top room in the Temple, London."

"Yes. One is there snug and uncared for—alone and private—and yet only a few steps to reach a struggling crowd, all new faces which one will never see again. There is a fine field for contemplation! There is variety! It is more comfortable to be one of a million than one of a dozen. And I don't like country people over much; they are friendly but bumptious, kind but conceited, and they hold Little Peddlington to be the garden of the world!"

"I am quite shocked at your opinions," said Violet; "and the way in which you talk of the country and of country people I account as a personal affront. I only wish Madge could have heard you."

"I shouldn't have dared to speak so openly had your sister been present."

"Madge would have gone exploding about the room like a firework," said Wilford, laughing.

"And you call this assisting me, Mr. Martin, to persuade Wilford to go out of town! Thanks for your aid! You are a most dangerous ally—you overpower those you profess to help. I shall leave you now to persuade Wilford by yourself. Perhaps you want to enjoy exclusively the credit of bringing him round to my opinion. I must go, for I think I hear baby calling."

Violet quitted the room. The two friends drew their chairs more nearly together.

"Jesting apart," said Martin, "I agree with Mrs. Wilford. You are really not looking very well, and a little change would do you a great deal of good."

"You are right," said Wilford, after a slight pause. "I am not well, but I would not confess so much to Violet; it would only occasion her uneasiness and alarm. Let me push forward with my book, for that must be attended to now, and I'll take a holiday—a good one—and recruit thoroughly. Yet I hardly know why I should be ill."

"You have worked very hard of late. Does your head pain you?"

"At times. But my sleep is very broken, and I dream terribly when I do sleep. I am nervous somehow. Small things distract me—the sudden opening of a door, a slight noise in the street, anything happening unexpectedly, sets my heart beating quite painfully. I tease myself with all sorts of anxieties about my book and career. I have all sorts of presentiments about Violet and my child. I look forward to the future with a sort of dread of I know not what. Even while I speak of these things I am seized with a nervous trembling I am totally unable to control. Have you ever felt like this?"

"Once or twice. Something like it."

"And what have you done?"

"I have brought myself to believe thoroughly in the realities of life. I have gone by the express to Paris and dined sumptuously at the Trois Frères. I have left off work and enjoyed myself, and I have found my nervous system to recover rapidly under such a course of treatment. Try it in your case."

"I think that mine requires rather more serious remedies. But something I must do shortly, for the thing grows upon me. I seem to have a difficulty at least in severing what is fact from what is mere matter of fancy and foreboding."

He stopped short for a few minutes, and then asked in an agitated tone,—

"Did you ever feel as though you were followed in the street—continually followed by some one whom you did not know, could not see, go where you would? Tell me, Martin?"

"Never. But do you imagine that you have been so followed?"

"It seems to me so, and I am not sure that it is simply imagination."

"You think you have been *really* followed?"

"Sometimes I feel quite sure of it."

"But the fact can be easily ascertained."

"Not so easily. Go where I will I hear footsteps behind me; turn when I will to discover who follows me, and I can see no one. May one not grow nervous in such a case?"

"Bah! Wilford, the nervousness occasions this fancy—is not occasioned by it. I have heard of some literary men being frequently followed," said Martin, laughing, "but it was for debt. That is not your case, I know. Besides, the sheriff's-officer is not a phantom, he can be seen and felt, on the shoulder especially."

"Hush! Not a word more of this, Violet returns."

A cup of tea, one or two of Violet's favorite songs—Wilford's favorites, too—from the Mozart book,—the voice of the singer has lost nothing of its old exquisite beauty and music,—and George Martin, delighted with the melody, and though it is yet early, rises to depart.

"Indeed I must go," he says, pressing the hand of Mr. Wilford, "I have an hour or two's work to-night that may not be postponed. What am I to say to the printer when he comes to-morrow for copy, if I stay longer now? Good-night."

"One moment, Martin. I'll walk part of your way. I've hardly been out all day."

They were in the hall putting on their hats.

"A letter, sir," cried the Rembrandt from the kitchen-stairs.

"You're so abrupt, Sally, you quite frighten one," said Wilford.

"It's a bill, Wilford; the precursor of the bailiff," and Martin laughed.

"It was left by a boy, sir, just this moment," Sally stated.

A gentleman in the front parlor overheard this conversation. It seemed that he had not gone half-price to the play.

"A boy!" said Mr. Phillimore to himself, "yes, but a very bad specimen—not at all a nice head. I saw him. There are faces like his in some of Hogarth's works; especially in the *Idle Apprentice* and the *Progress of Cruelty*."

"Take care of the letter till I come back,

Sally; or—stay, you may be gone to bed,—I'll put it in my pocket."

And the two friends went out. They passed down Freer Street on their way towards the Temple. They had failed to perceive that a boy, of small stature, leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the way, had watched their departure from Mr. Phillimore's, and was now steadily following them, though at some distance. A boy thin and active, with long, thick, dark, straight hair, cut sharply and forming a sort of rectangular block at the back of his head. His cap was of the kepi pattern in use at certain French schools; but there were no pretensions of a military or at least a uniform character about the rest of his dress which was ordinary enough. He had a yellow-complexioned brazen face with a cunning expression and small restless green eyes. For some streets the boy succeeded in following Wilford and George Martin. Suddenly his progress was arrested—a large hand pressed heavily upon his shoulder. He started, but recollected himself, stooped down, twisted himself, and would have escaped but that the hand moved to his collar, and held him with a firm grip it was hopeless to struggle against.

"*Arrêtez donc, cher enfant!*" said a calm but rather grating voice.

"You let me go! You let me go! You hurt me! What have I done?" whined the boy in English, but with a strong French accent.

"You follow gentlemen in the street, is it not so, you little fox? I have seen you. You know me?"

"No, I don't know you—I don't know you! Let me go! You let me go!"

"Be quiet, will you," said the voice, and the hand released the boy's collar and grasped his over-large ear. "*Silence, petit tapageur!* You know me?"

"No," answered the boy, sulkily.

"*Regardez donc*"—and the boy felt his ear pulled round so that he was compelled to look into the face of a tall man in a glossy hat, with a dainty white neckerchief and gold spectacles. He had jet-black eyebrows and short scraps of black whiskers on his cheeks. He was otherwise scrupulously shaven. His appearance gave one rather the idea of a foreigner trying to look like an Englishman.

"You know me now—is it not so?"

"I have seen you before."

"I think so. Ah! little thief,—would you

dare?" The boy had stealthily drawn a small knife from his pocket and unclasped it. The action was perceived at once—an iron grip round his wrist, perhaps, too, the painful pressure of a hard knuckle upon the back of his hand made him open his fingers and drop the knife with a gasp of pain.

"Take care what you do," and his ear was pulled sharply. "I have had my eye upon you for some days—upon you and your estimable family, and the excellent Mère Pichot. You will go straight home, if you please, little one. We will have no more following of English gentlemen in the streets. You will present to Madame Pichot the assurance of my high consideration. Make to her my compliments. Do you understand, my charming boy? and let her know that I am on a visit to London."

"What shall I tell her? What name am I to say?"

The gentleman laughed heartily at this.

"Tell her that *Monsieur Chose* is staying in town. I think she will know who is meant."

He changed his tone to one of fierceness. "And let her take care—let her take care; I am not a fool. I will not permit everything. The law has been kind to her as yet, but the times may change; and you, little one, take you care, worthy child of Père Dominique. Do you wish to follow the steps of your admirable and amiable father? He is well; but he is not happy. He complains of confinement, and that he cannot see his friends; and he will not see them—not for twenty years. Where do you live?"

"Over the bridge Waterloo," answered the boy, instantly.

"Little liar! You are too quick. You are promising; if it was not that you are really much older than you look,—I know where you live—I know where to find you. Go, then, and above all take care. You are no match for Monsieur Chose—remember that—nor is Mère Pichot, neither. Good-night, Monsieur Alexis."

He released the boy's ear. The boy stooped as though to avoid a parting blow; but Monsieur Chose had, it seems, no further offensive intentions in regard to him. The boy recovered his knife and darted off quickly; but in a different direction to that taken by Wilford and his friend.

"Little devil!" said Monsieur Chose, dusting his strong white fingers as though to dismiss an unpleasant subject. He then lighted a cigar, drew his coat closely round him, took off his hat to bid a courteous good-night to a passing policeman, and went his way with an elastic step, humming a favorite air from the opera of *La Dame Blanche*.

Part of an article in *The Examiner*, June 21.
PRESIDENT DAVIS AND NAPOLEON.

For he, too, is a soldier by education and profession, and there are many who say, not perhaps without reason, that but for his military ambition, and the belief felt by himself and others in his military talent, the open rupture between North and South would never have taken place. Floyd and Mason, though audacious and unscrupulous sappers and miners of the Federal Union, never possessed that ascendancy over the minds of men, which could alone induce them in great numbers, and looking in the face countless sacrifices, to break with all they had venerated in their past lives, and to plunge into the dark abyss of insurrection. Jefferson Davis is no ordinary man; he possesses, as is owned by those who have had the opportunity of knowing him, a rare capacity for command. Strategic ability he may not have proved himself to possess in as high degree as was anticipated; but the political faculty of organization, and of sustaining under fearful difficulties the chief responsibilities of guiding and governing millions of men in revolt, he has evinced in a singular degree. He has seen the hopes of foreign aid, on which he relied, and taught others to rely, droop, and then revive, fade, and once more freshen, flicker brightly and then wholly disappear, without betraying to the world any system of faltering or giving way. He has more than once seen from afar the metropolis of the Federal Commonwealth terror-stricken by the threat of imminent attack; and for upwards of a year he has seen every available resource of the Republic strained to the uttermost in order to cope with the formidable movement of which he is the head. In the field he has had, indeed, the advantage of several able and intrepid associates; but as far as we can judge, he has had few comrades of superior sagacity or power in the administration of Government. As might have been expected, his personal popularity, whatever it might have been, has gradually withered under the blighting wind of suffering and ill-success; but he has not seemed to waste time or thought in striving to repair it. This is a proud, indomitable, self-reliant, perhaps self-engrossed, man, with the realization of splendid dreams for his every-day purpose in life,—a man with few sympathies, hard to

be understood, and at heart, we suspect, caring little for the love or good-will of the multitude. And now, it would seem as if he had come to his Waterloo,—how will it fare with him there? We can easily imagine how terrible with such a man must be the pause before the final struggle, if final for him it is to be.

“There is no flying hence, no tarrying here;
I ‘gin to aweary of the sun.”

And yet, were we to hazard a conjecture, we should say that even if defeated before Richmond, the Chief of the Confederacy will still be able to hold together a sufficient army to keep his antagonists in check for some time to come. He is not the man despondingly to give up so great a game.

This, under any circumstances, we fully believe; but if time be given for learning all that we know of the course of events in Mexico, and the resolutions of the French Emperor with reference to that country, the Confederates may well be pardoned for imagining that their cause is not yet lost. Stung by an unexpected reverse, and left without the European allies whom he hoped to blindfold and to use, Napoleon III. has committed himself to an undertaking, of which it is not easy for the most sanguine of his flatterers to deceive themselves into fancying that they see the end. His uncle thought Old Spain an easy and an abject prey, and first incredulous, and then incensed at its temerity in resistance, he madly undertook to make good its subjugation, no matter at what cost. And Old Spain proved to be his ruin. His nephew is a colder and pliant nature. But in the case of New Spain there seems something almost fateful in the parallel. Under false pretences, now, as then, French troops have entered the dominions of a state nominally in alliance with the empire; within a scandalously brief space the mask of amity has been thrown off, and the design avowed of subverting the Government. In the first insolence of usurpation, a few troops were supposed to be enough; and their insufficiency no sooner becomes apparent, than a powerful expedition is organized to reinforce invasion and to make valid fraud by force. Supplementary credits, on account of Mexico, have been opened by the Ministers of War and Marine, to the extent of many millions of francs; and twelve

thousand men are about to be embarked for Vera Cruz. Nobody believes, we suppose, the affair can end there. Other corps and further detachments will ere long be declared necessary, and in point of fact will be so, if a vast country like Mexico, with a restless and scattered population, is to be reduced even temporarily to submission. But no submission can be any better than a transitory feint, if the civil war in America be suffered to end in the subjugation of the South, and the liberation of a victorious army of hundreds of thousands of men for the congenial occupation of subverting the cardboard throne proposed to be set up in Mexico, and clearing that country of European interference. There is but one way, as Napoleon III. must clearly discern, for carrying out his transatlantic schemes of aggrandizement. Politically, he must go further, if he would not fare worse. By itself, as a dependency of France, Mexico never can be held; but as a part of a great Gulf State, with New Orleans for a metropolis, and the French flag for its guarantee, it is possible to imagine a very different issue of the present complications.

From the Examiner, 21 June.

THE FRENCH WAR IN MEXICO.

WE have never been of the number of those who believed, or affected to believe, that the French troops in Mexico were destined to march in triumph to the capital, hailed as friends and deliverers by a grateful people. Nor have we ever put much faith in the predictions of those persons who declared that, without firing a shot, General Zaragoza's ragged army would disperse at the waving of a French banner. It is impossible to look back on the history of the campaigns of Scott and Taylor without seeing that Mexicans resent foreign invasion as much as we should do ourselves, and that their soldiers are ready enough to fight, though quite unaccustomed to conquer. We confess, however, that the last news from Vera Cruz has somewhat surprised us. For some time past rumors of French reverses have reached Europe; but it seemed incredible that the well-disciplined heroes of Magenta and Solferino would under any circumstances give way before the badly-armed

levies of a disorganized and bankrupt Republic. It appears, however, that such has actually been the case.

Marching inland from Orizaba, General Lorencez arrived on the 5th ult. in sight of the semi-fortified city of Puebla, and sent forward a body of infantry, chiefly Zouaves, to make a reconnoissance of the Mexican position. The colonel in command of this detachment, animated by an excess of zeal, determined to signalize himself by capturing one of the enemy's advanced works on the hill of Santa Guadalupe, and led his men to the assault, expecting easy victory. Being received, however, with a shower of grape and musketry, the Zouaves fell back in confusion. A second attack was not more successful; the rash colonel was himself killed, and his followers retired, "rapidly and disunitedly"—to borrow a phrase from General McClellan's vocabulary. Pursued by the Mexican cavalry, who are formidable enough to broken infantry, the defeated French made their way back with some difficulty to the main body. Perhaps only on their return was it discovered that the unfortunate colonel had acted without orders in making an attack—a convenient mode of accounting for a disagreeable and undeniable fact. The Mexican commander gives another version of it, stating that he was attacked by the enemy in force; but, unfortunately, Mexican bulletins are as unreliable as French ones, and we can only divine that the truth lies somewhere between the two stories. It is certain, however, that General Lorencez thought it advisable to retreat immediately to Amozoe, five leagues to the rear of his position before Puebla, and to throw up field-works round his camp. From this it would appear either that there is less falsehood in the Mexican than in the French account of the affair, or that the invading army is so terribly weakened by disease as to be unable to hold its ground.

No doubt reinforcements will be promptly sent across the Atlantic, as the Emperor cannot afford to allow the slightest stain to rest on the French arms. When the expeditionary force has been increased by the five thousand men who are declared by the Parisian journals to be already under orders to sail, of course the obstacles on the road will be easily swept away, and communications with the coast may also be kept up with less

difficulty than at present. The war will not, however, be one whit nearer to a conclusion than it is now. France has refused to recognize or treat with the Juarez Government, and it becomes every day more evident that in spite of all adverse circumstances, Señor Juarez and his colleagues are supported by a powerful majority of their countrymen, and are determined to resist to the last extremity. Nor does a country like Mexico, which has been harassed by civil strife for the last half century, suffer so much from the presence of an enemy on its soil as would a more peaceful and prosperous one. The people will fight the French as fiercely as they fought the Spaniards during the struggle for independence, and with even more obstinacy than they used to fight amongst themselves. Nor are they likely to be discouraged by frequent reverses. It is a peculiarity of Mexican troops that they almost always expect to be defeated. They go into battle with the deliberate intention of fighting as long as may seem expedient, and then of running away as fast as possible. A disorderly retreat is not considered disgraceful, and the scattered soldiery, when their general collects them next day, are found to be neither disheartened nor demoralized. When, however, by any chance a real victory crowns the arms of the Republic, great is the exultation of its warriors. Such an event reconciles them to a long course of bad fortune.

The *Moniteur* has this week announced the blockade of the seaports on the Mexican Gulf. The French Government is wrong if it supposes that this step will bring Juarez to seek other terms than such as he long ago consented to. The Mexicans not being a

highly civilized people, do not depend very much on foreign commodities, and moreover a great portion of their trade is carried on through the ports on the Pacific, which the French seem to have forgotten altogether. The only result of a blockade will be to throw back civilization to some extent, by depriving the people of all humanizing intercourse with foreigners, while the war on land will postpone indefinitely the advent of that period of peace and prosperity which appeared to be not very far off in 1861.

It is probable that the French themselves will soon tire of this senseless and thankless intervention, which to do them justice, the people at large have never looked upon with much enthusiasm. In the Corps Legislatif an additional article to the Budget was presented lately, opening to the Ministers of War a marine credit of fifteen million francs for the Mexican expedition. The sum is not indeed very formidable to a rich nation, but it is likely to prove the precursor of a long series of similar demands. The idea of forcing the Mexicans to pay the expenses of the war is absurd, seeing that they have always found it a matter of great difficulty to meet the already existing claims on the part of foreigners. Nor is it probable that the resources of the Republic could be so much developed within a few years as to suffice at once for the support of a large army of occupation, and for the reimbursement of the capital spent in the conquest. France is not rich enough to undertake the charge of a second and a greater Algeria, which would give her much more trouble in every way than does her African dependency, and which she is utterly unfit to colonize.

METRIC PROSE.—Mr. Keightley's article in "N. & Q.," has reminded me of a note which I made some time ago whilst reading Mr. D'Israeli's *Wondrous Tale of Atray*. If any person will refer to that book, he will find there a few extraordinary specimens of metric prose. I subjoin one quotation taken from the first volume (1st edition) pp. 27, 28 :—

"Why am I here? are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh! brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival! Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain's side; the

holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait, to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival."

In the Preface to his work, Mr. D'Israeli says, "I must frankly confess that I have invented a new style." Not very new, I should say; nor yet very good.

GUSTAVE MASSON.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

—Notes and Queries.

From The Economist, 21 June.

FEDERAL PAPER MONEY.

THE large issue of inconvertible notes by the Federal Government is so important an event in history, and so remarkable an experiment in political economy, that it is due to our readers that we should consider it carefully. We may ask three questions respecting it. First: What are the real facts, which are not always clearly stated? Secondly: What will be the *commercial* effect of those facts? Thirdly: What will be the political effect of those facts on the position of the Government and on the conduct of the war? We will speak separately upon each of these.

First: What are the facts? By an Act of Congress, passed on the 25th February last, the Secretary of the Treasury has authority to issue 150,000,000 dollars, or more than £31,000,000 of English money, which is to be a legal tender for all purposes except the payment of import duties, and is convertible at any time into a six per cent stock, payable in twenty years, but redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after five years. By the present plan this currency,—convertible into stock, but not receivable at the Custom House,—is to be the only paper currency of their own which the Government will permanently keep afloat in the Federal States. But previous to the 25th of February and under a previous Act, the Secretary of the Treasury had issued notes to the amount of somewhat more than £12,000,000 sterling of an exactly reverse kind. These first notes are *not* convertible into stock, and *are* receivable at the Custom House. In consequence of the latter privilege they are now at a slight premium, but they are to be withdrawn, and notes of the new kind substituted for them. This process of substitution is now going on, and the entire currency of both sorts, issued on the 29th of May, the last day on which we have an official return, was £30,391,666. Practically, therefore, the whole sum which Mr. Chase is authorized to issue has been issued.

But this Government paper currency is by no means the sole paper currency of the Union. The bank-note circulation before the issue of Government paper began amounted to another £31,000,000 and rather more. It was expected that the issue of Government paper would much diminish

the circulation of bank paper. But this has not proved to be the case. On the contrary, there has even been an extension of the demand for bank notes. The lowest Government note is as much as five dollars; there is no specie to be had easily, and consequently there has been a demand for small currency, which the banks are supplying. The Government paper has not been a substitute for bank paper, but a stimulant to the issue of it. More than thirty millions of Government paper have been issued, and a superstructure of additional bank paper has been based upon it.

The *commercial* effect of the issue, according to the recognized principle of political economy, is very certain. Prices, we should say, would be artificially raised; gold would rise to a high premium; but as yet neither of these effects have been produced—at least prices have not evidently and conspicuously risen: there are two opinions whether they have risen or not. The premium on gold is only about four per cent, which is not so much as even reasonable economists would have anticipated after such a sudden and considerable issue of paper.

The truth is, however, that economical causes, like all other causes, require time for their action, and in this case they have not as yet had that time. The greater part of the Government paper money has only been issued within these few weeks. We heard that Mr. Chase had the power to issue a long time ago, and to some important extent he exercised that power, but he did not do so with the rapidity and the suddenness which some have imagined. He was too shrewd a man not to dilute so dangerous an expedient as a paper currency with less questionable resources, as long as it was possible for him to do so.

Secondly. The depreciation of the currency as against many articles has been delayed by the depreciation of these articles also. They have been in excess, just as the currency is in excess. Trade is dull: the consumption of all sorts has indefinitely suffered from the war and the cessation of intercourse with the South; consumable articles, therefore, are in excess, and would have fallen had not the currency been in excess around them.

Thirdly. Civil war diminishes the *efficiency* of a currency, and the issue of an

inconvertible currency aggravates that effect. The efficiency of a circulation depends on credit; it is great where credit is great, small where credit is small. By the elaborate economy of Lombard Street, immense transactions are effected with but a small number of notes, and without that elaborate economy they could not be effected. It is quite certain that the precious metals must have been largely hoarded in America since the civil war broke out, for all the Californian gold until very lately remained there, instead of being transmitted to Europe in the ordinary course of trade. Gold, we some time ago said, clings to a country in confusion; every one desires to keep a little of that which is sure to be useful, come what may. An inconvertible currency aggravates the hoarding tendency. There is no limit to the quantity of paper notes which are not payable in gold, and every one expects they will be depreciated as compared with gold. Consequently, wise men pass on the notes and keep the gold. The issue of an inconvertible currency paralyses the precious metals as instruments of interchange, and until the paper is issued in more than sufficient quantities to supply the place and do the work of the preceding metallic circulation, the depreciation of general commodities will not commence.

It may be said that this argument, if valid, would undoubtedly show that commodities *en masse* would not rise very rapidly in value, but it should also show that gold as compared with paper would so rise. The argument proceeds on the assumption that gold falls out of circulation because it is too desirable to part with, and it should seem that therefore the premium on it should be considerable; and it will be considerable. But there is a counteracting and limiting cause tending to keep it down. As soon as you expel, so to say, gold from circulation as money, the principal occupation of nine-tenths of it is gone. Its use as an article of merchandise is limited, and its expulsion from circulation throws a large quantity on the market. A great many people must part with their gold because they want some necessary article. They sell that gold therefore in the market, and the number of such sellers reduces the premium upon the commodity in which they deal.

These are the causes which we think have

retarded the natural rise in American prices, and the natural augmentation of the premium on gold. But it is obvious that they are only retarding causes, and that ultimately the issue of paper money in unlimited quantities must produce its inevitable effects: it must do in America that which it has always done in Europe.

Two reasons are indeed assigned by American speakers—especially by Mr. Hooper, a distinguished American financier—why these habitual effects are not to be expected. They say the quantity is limited. Mr. Chase can issue £31,000,000 or thereabouts, and no more. But he has issued almost that sum already, and is it not by far the greater probability that Congress will authorize him to issue, and that he must issue, a still further sum? The war is not likely to cease; the expenditure is not likely to cease; and is it probable, looking to the past, that he will obtain the required funds with sufficient facility by any different method?

Secondly. It is urged that the convertibility into stock of these notes will keep up their value. Mr. Jefferson Davis advanced this notion for his Confederate notes, and when he did so, we observed: "Mr. Davis' scheme is to maintain the value of his notes, in whatever quantity they can be issued, by making them exchangeable on demand for an eight per cent stock. But who is to maintain the value of the stock? If Mr. Davis could have borrowed a great deal in stock, we may be sure he would have done so, and not have had recourse to the last expedient of needy States—an inconvertible paper. But if he could not float much of this security in the market to begin with, will its popularity be increased when indefinite quantities of paper can be at any moment converted into it? We do not believe that the value of the best funded security which the world has ever seen—the value of the three per cents—could be maintained in the face of such a contingency. The value of a stock is, like the value of other things, dependent on the laws of supply and demand. If the supply may be indefinitely increased at any moment under circumstances which would rather restrict the demand than augment it, the value of the stock will never be high, and will always be liable to a sudden decline. The event to be provided against is an issue of too much paper. Suppose,

then, too much is issued, what is the remedy? Only that more and more stock is to be created continually with no assigned limit, and with no real limit but that of the necessities of the issuing Government. The effect of Mr. Davis' plan will be to secure the depreciation of his stock, not to prevent the depreciation of his paper.

"The sole safeguard against depreciation which has ever been found adequate is *convertibility*. If you wish a bank-note to be worth five sovereigns, the best plan is to give the holder a right to require those sovereigns for the note from some trustworthy person. Mr. Davis has not, however, adopted this expedient, since it would by no means have suited his purpose. He would not wish to keep a reserve of *real* dollars in store to maintain the value of his paper. If he had those dollars, he would spend them in war, not retain them in a bank."

We are far from insinuating that the finance of the North is to be placed upon the same footing as the finance of the South. The Confederates never had a legitimate shilling; still the principle of the above remarks is equally applicable.

But we shall be asked, Will the depreciation of the American currency soon drive the gold here? and it is not so easy to answer this question. The course of trade with America has been convulsed by the Southern rebellion, and it is difficult to speak of it with any confidence. Formerly the direct exports of America to England used far to exceed the direct imports of America from England; but she drew so many bills on us for her imports from the East and other places, that the balance of trade, exclusive of specie, was against her, and she regularly remitted us the Californian gold. Now she exports no cotton, which has of late been valued at thirty millions; but, on the other hand, she imports very little either from us or from the East. The largest item is struck off both sides of the account, and it is difficult,—impossible is the better word—to predict on which side the balance may be. Again, there used to be a continual export of American securities to Europe. The high rate of Transatlantic interest yearly attracted a great deal of courageous capital to that country. Since the rebellion, the trade has been the other way. America has never lost her confidence in her own securities; she has regularly bought them when Europe has wished to sell them. A continual supply of American securities has been sent home of late in place of their emigrating from home as formerly. Lastly, in the early stages of the convulsion there was much panic at New York, and every available commodity was sent to Europe for money.

This long turned the exchange against Europe, though its force may in some degree be now spent. The ultimate tendency of these large paper issues must be to cause the export of gold from the United States; but exactly when it will come, or in what quantities, it is not possible to say. At present there are indications that it is coming, but in transactions so complicated we cannot isolate the consequences of a single cause.

Of the political consequences, and perhaps some other of the commercial consequences, we will next week speak at length.

We annex a statement of the Federal debt just issued from official sources. It must not be confounded with the estimate which Mr. Spaulding and others have framed of what the debt will be when the war is over, and all the liabilities discharged. This is the debt of the Government now in stocks, notes, and recognized documents, and of course does not include even the present claims of contractors and others. It is, however, most valuable because it is official,—and because, containing no conjectural element, there can be no doubt as to its accuracy.

The following is an official statement of the particulars of the National Debt on the 29th May, 1862:—

| Under what Act. | Rate of Interest. Per cent. | Amount. | Total. |
|--|-----------------------------|-------------|----------------|
| Loans—1842 | - 6 | £600,700 | |
| Loans—1847 | - 6 | 1,961,510 | |
| Loans—1848 | - 6 | 1,855,908 | |
| Loans—1858 | - 5 | 4,166,666 | |
| Loans—1860 | - 5 | 1,462,916 | |
| Loans—1861 | - 6 | 3,836,458 | |
| Texan indemnity | - 5 | 721,041 | 14,005,199 |
| Treasury notes issued prior to 1857* | - | 21,898 | |
| Treasury notes, under Act Dec. 23, 1857* | - | 36,645 | |
| Treasury notes, under Act Dec. 17, 1860* | - | 46,177 | |
| Treasury notes, under Acts June 22, 1860, and Feb. and March, 1861 | - 6 | 576,646 | |
| Treasury notes, under Acts March 2, July 17, and August 5, 1861 | - 6 | 23,250 | 704,616 |
| Three years 7-30 bonds | 7 3-10 | 25,109,681 | |
| Twenty years bonds | - 6 | 10,416,666 | 35,526,347 |
| Oregon war debt | - 6 | 183,010 | |
| United States notes † | | 30,891,666 | |
| Certificates of indebtedness | 6 | 9,833,125 | |
| Five and twenty yrs bonds | 6 | 562,375 | 10,395,500 |
| 4 per cent temporary loan | 4 | 1,231,883 | |
| 5 per cent temporary loan | 5 | 9,346,984 | 10,578,867 |
| Total amount of public debt | | 102,385,205 | |
| Average rate of interest paid on the entire debt, 4,354 per annum. | | | |
| * Interest stopped. | | | † No interest. |

From The Saturday Review.
EUPHEMISMS.

THE euphemism is a flower of language which, if looked at carelessly, may easily pass for a mere variety of what we have often laughed at as the grand or high-polite style. And it is undoubtedly true that the professors of the high-polite style are far more in the habit of using euphemisms than other people. The penny-a-liner thinks a euphemism needful, or at any rate graceful, in many cases where a writer of good English will straightforwardly say what he has to say without the least hesitation. But the euphemism is by no means confined to bad or vulgar writers—it is found, in greater or less degree, in all languages and all ages. The euphemism is by no means a mere question of style. It may be so, and when improperly used, it commonly is so; but in many cases it has far less to do with mere style than with natural feeling, social conventionality, or even sometimes supposed religious duty.

A euphemism is the employment of some indirect and allusive way of speaking of anything which, for any reason, it is thought improper or disagreeable to name in a straightforward way. This is clearly not a mere question of style. There are whole classes of subjects of which sometimes nature, sometimes custom, bids us to speak as little as possible, and, when we must speak of them, to hint at them rather than to name them directly. Why either nature or custom should forbid the direct mention of any subject is one of the most perplexing of problems—one which goes perhaps deeper than any other into the mysteries of the human soul. For our present purpose, it is quite enough that nature, or even custom, does forbid their direct mention, without asking why it is that either should forbid them. It is enough that either by nature or custom it is so. There is, of course, that whole class of ideas any straightforward expression of which is what is commonly called coarse or indecent. But this by no means exhausts the class of things which are the subjects of euphemisms. The direct mention of things relating to death is, not so universally, but, under certain circumstances, quite as carefully, avoided as the direct mention of things relating to birth. Again, it is clear that,

quite irrespective of mere style, a less degree of the same repugnance attaches to the direct mention of the sin of drunkenness which attaches in a much higher degree to the direct mention of other sins of the flesh. Moreover, there are some religious dogmas which, rightly or wrongly, many people abstain from directly mentioning, out of very much the same feeling as that which forbids the use of what is, in the restricted sense, indecent language. And what may seem to be an exactly opposite feeling is really very akin to it. The reverential feeling, sometimes true, sometimes false, which excludes from ordinary talk any direct speaking on religious subjects, is really very closely connected with the principle of euphemism. That is to say, to express our meaning plainly, there are many times and circumstances in which any direct speaking either of God or of the devil is felt to be out of place. This comes out still more strongly in some other religious systems than in our own. Every scholar knows the various shifts by which the direct mention of certain deities in old Greece was avoided in common discourse. The fearful Erinyes become the mild Eumenides, or at least the neutral Venerable Goddesses. This is a clear case of euphemism—a euphemism, too, strangely made up of the feeling which prompts what we may call our euphemism of reverence and that which we may call our euphemism of repugnance. The Jewish superstition by which the proper name of the Deity is never uttered, but a title employed instead, is perhaps the strongest case of the reverential euphemism. Now, in the cases which we have thus gone through, the motives which prompt to the use of the euphemism are widely different, but they all agree in the main point. That is to say, for some motive, quite independent of mere style, it is thought to be becoming to speak of certain objects in an indirect instead of a direct way. How far the motive is a sufficient one—how far the modesty is always true modesty, the reverence always true reverence—is quite another question.

Of course, euphemisms prevail most in a refined and artificial age, but there are one or two things which are apt to hide from us the extent to which euphemisms have prevailed in all ages. The euphemism of

one age becomes the proscribed expression of another. If we forget this, we shall continually misunderstand writers of past times. We constantly speak of old writers as coarse or indecent, because the language which they use is what we should now think coarse or indecent. A little thought will show that in many cases the language which we now think coarse was positively euphemistical. A phrase is introduced by way of a euphemism—it is indirect, evasive, alluding to its subject rather than directly mentioning it. But a generation or two of use takes away from it its indirect character. It loses whatever other meaning it has, and it gets directly and exclusively to express the idea which originally is only expressed indirectly. As soon as it does this, it becomes itself chargeable with impropriety, and a new euphemism is needed to supplant it. And so custom goes on, piling layers of forbidden phrases on the top of one another, each being counted for a euphemism in its own generation, and for a coarse expression in the next.

The last euphemism of this sort which has come in certainly seems the silliest possible, though it is well to bear in mind that most likely every euphemism seemed silly when it was first introduced. But surely, the phrase of "social evils," to denote a particular class of women, is several degrees more silly than euphemisms in general. The odd thing about this phrase is, that it changed its meaning almost as soon as it was invented. What first came in was "the social evil," as a euphemism for the word "prostitution," which is itself a Latinized euphemism for the Teutonic "whoredom"—which last word, coarse as it now sounds, a moment's thought will show to be really just as much a euphemism as the others. But almost as soon as the phrase came in in this abstract sense, it turned about to a concrete one, and, instead of "the social evil" meaning the sin in general, "social evils" came to mean the particular sinners. Between twenty and thirty years ago, a respectable clergyman wrote a book of rather sermonizing stories, which he called *Social Evils and their Remedies*. There was nothing at all out of the way in the title then. It very well expressed the good man's object which was a perfectly general one. But if anybody wrote a book

called *Social Evils* now, the title would undoubtedly, as Gibbon says, excite either a smile or a blush.

Euphemisms, as we said before, may spring either from real or from false modesty or reverence. It is easy to distinguish the two by observing whether there is anything intentionally ludicrous in the form of words which is chosen. A euphemism prompted by real modesty will always be grave—a ludicrous euphemism is really more indecent than the direct expression itself. The simplicity of old writers—Homer, Herodotus, the Old Testament—seems so unusual to us that we are apt to forget that even their language is often really euphemistic. That Homer and Herodotus are euphemistic we at once feel when we read Aristophanes. No one abounds more with indirect and periphrastic ways of veiling coarse ideas than Aristophanes; but then they are invariably ludicrous, and thus are more indecent than the direct words. In a slightly different way, because the ludicrous element does not come in, Ovid and Petronius Arbiter are doubtless as licentious writers as ever wrote; but they are far less indecent in mere language than Catullus and Martial.

As this is true of euphemisms arising from true and false modesty, it is equally true of euphemisms springing from other feelings. There is a certain dislike to speaking directly of the devil and all that pertains to him. We confess that we do not see why, when it is desirable to speak of him at all, he should not be spoken of straightforwardly. But it makes a great difference whether the circumlocution chosen be "the enemy of souls," or "his Satanic Majesty." Again, in what is intended to be the reverential euphemism or circumlocution, we really cannot see the need of euphemism or circumlocution at all. The real question is whether, in this or that particular case, it is desirable to make any religious reference at all. If it is desirable, it is surely far better and more reverential to make it straightforwardly. Surely the direct reference to Almighty God with which we are familiar in a King's Speech or other public document is in every way better than the periphrastic talk about "that Being," a "higher Power," and the like, which passed for reverential a generation or two back,

and of which, strange to say, no more frequent or offensive examples are to be found than in the writings of Washington. Death also has always been looked upon as more or less a subject to be treated euphemistically. "If anything should happen" to so-and-so, especially if the so-and-so should be the person spoken to or any near friend or kinsman, is a way of avoiding its direct mention, common enough both in old Greek and in modern English. And other expressions of the like sort will occur to every one, where the indirect mention of disagreeable things does not at all arise from any notion of brilliancy or elevation of style, but from a real wish, whether wise or foolish, to avoid the apparent harshness and painfulness of their direct mention.

All these cases are cases of genuine euphemisms — of indirect expressions preferred to direct ones, not on a literary but on a sort of moral ground. With these the purely literary critic has nothing to do. How far the feeling which leads to them is wise or foolish, healthy or unhealthy, is wholly an affair for the moralist. But besides these, there is, we need hardly say, a fertile crop of false euphemisms — purely literary euphemisms — indirect expressions preferred to direct ones, not out of modesty, reverence, delicacy of feeling, but simply because the indirect speech is thought to be smarter or statelier than the direct one. Of course here, as in the case of all such false ornaments of style, we reap a plentiful harvest of blunders and absurdities. The feeling which prompts people to talk, not of a man dying, but of something happening to him, is, whether wise or foolish, a genuine feeling; but to call a man's death his "demise" is simply ignorant affectation. The "demise" of a man is simply nonsense. The phrase which the unlucky people who talk so have in their heads is the "demise of the crown," or of anything else which passes by hereditary succession. The demise of the crown is the handing over the crown from one king to his successor, and, as depositions and abdications are exceptional ways of ending a reign, the demise of the crown is commonly caused by the death of the king. Then people who did not know what "demise" meant began to talk about "the demise of the king," and so "demise" simply became high-polite for

death. The silly euphemism of "lady" for "wife" has pretty nearly gone out of fashion. Probably it first arose from some such phrase as "Lord A. B. and his lady," much as one often speaks of a king and "his queen." But "lady," "female," "young person," have pretty nearly driven out the plain word "woman," which, by the light of nature, we should have thought needed a euphemistic substitute very much less than "female." Perhaps the two very oddest euphemisms which we ever heard of came in two sermons preached at the time of the Irish famine. In one, preached in a university pulpit, the divine talked about "that esculent which has recently failed." Now, if Moses and the Prophets could talk straightforwardly about leeks and onions and cucumbers, why on earth should not an English clergyman talk straightforwardly about potatoes? The other instance was more eccentric still. The preacher told his flock that he had himself been in Ireland, and that the wretchedness of the people was so great, that he had with his own eyes seen a woman yoked to a plow "along with an animal which decency forbade him to mention." His hearers were sore puzzled. What animal is there, especially what animal at all fit for drawing a plow, which decency forbids any one to mention? There is, indeed, a noisome insect which may only be mentioned under the most general terms. There is also a quadruped whose female form requires the most delicate circumlocutions, though the male is presentable by name in the best society. But the woman could hardly be supposed to be yoked with a "lady-dog;" though had the sermon been preached in America, it would have been quite possible to imagine her yoked with a "gentleman-cow." Some ingenious persons suggested a pig, as an unclean beast; yet the mention of the pig is not commonly looked on as a breach of decency. At last the beast so delicately veiled turned out to be—a donkey. But why decency forbade the preacher to mention an animal which certainly fills an honorable place in both the Old and New Testament is, like Dr. Johnson's custom of collecting orange-peel, one of those problems whose depth can never be pierced by anything short of the inquisitiveness of a Boswell.

From The Economist, 21 June.

CANADA, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.

IN England we never discuss or determine a political principle till it is forced on our attention by some difficulty of practical application which involves a reference to such principle; and even then we decide the case, if possible, "on its own merits," as we term it, that is to say empirically or on some point of detail peculiar to itself, so as to avoid committing ourselves to any abstract doctrine or general maxim which may be applicable to other cases than the one immediately at issue. We act *pro re natâ*; we "rub on" as we can; we follow the "rule of thumb"; we make compromising and inconsistent orders with the guarding phrase "under the circumstances"; and in this way we think to escape at once a comprehensive intellectual effort, and decisions which may hamper us in future. In its horror of "abstract resolutions," the House of Commons faithfully reflects one of the most marked characteristics of the British mind. Sometimes, however, a case occurs, so pressing and practical that it must be disposed of at once, yet so perplexing that it scarcely can be disposed of except by discovering and laying down some distinct ground, some general view or principle, on which to base a decision. Such a case has arisen now in consequence of the rejection of the Canadian Militia Bill by the Canadian Legislature, and the change of Ministry which has taken place there in consequence. The question involved is one of great difficulty; and it is impossible to know what we ought to think, or how we ought to act, without entertaining and coming to some distinct conclusion on the general matter, viz.:—"What share ought a colony and the mother country respectively to take in the defence of the dependency in the time of war, and in preparation for that defence in time of peace? What *principle* ought to govern and determine this share?" A problem less simple and less clear seldom comes before us for examination.

And, first of all, we must premise that the rejection of the Militia Bill proposed by the Canadian Ministry must not be regarded as indicative of any indisposition of the Canadian people or the Canadian Parliament to provide for a portion of their own defence. That measure was thrown out, with very

slight discussion, partly because it was thought to be ill-considered and inordinate, but still more because the ministry which brought it forward was unpopular, and because the Militia Bill offered an opportunity of defeating them, which their antagonists naturally, as a matter of party tactics, seized upon with alacrity. The former Cabinet proposed a levy of fifty thousand embodied militia; the new cabinet proposes to enrol twenty thousand volunteers. All are agreed that the colony ought to provide some military force:—they differ only as to the character and numbers of that force. It is admitted on all hands that the colony ought to *contribute* to its own defence:—the *extent* of that contribution is the only question at issue either between the two parties in the colony or between the colony and the mother country. And, unless we can discover something like a *principle* to guide us, the question must continue to be one singularly difficult of decision.

The only point that is clear at a glance is, that the conclusion must be found in a compromise between, or rather a combined appreciation and assignment of the relative value of three considerations:—the respective interest which each party has in maintaining the connection;—the respective capacity of the two parties;—and the source from which the danger to be guarded against arises. If the connection is maintained for the sole good and by the supreme will of the mother country,—if the self-protective power of the colony is *nil* or next to *nil*,—if the danger of the colony is caused solely by that imperial connection which the mother country for its own purposes insists on keeping up,—if all or nearly all these things can be affirmed, then it is obvious that the mother country ought in justice to undertake the whole, or nearly the whole of the cost and effort of providing for the defence of its dependency. But on the other hand, if it be the colony only which profits by and clings to the imperial connection,—if the colony be flourishing, populous, and (relatively to its peril) powerful,—if the danger to the colony would be equally imminent or more imminent were she severed and independent,—then it is obvious that the colony ought to bear the whole, or nearly the whole, burden of its own protection, and could only call upon the mother country, as a friend and

ally, for auxiliary assistance in the hour of especial peril. But as neither the first nor the second series of these conjectural propositions can be affirmed to be unreservedly and absolutely true, the practical decision must plainly lie *somewhere* between the two positive extremes. A guide to this "somewhere" is the finger-post we seek.

The case of Canada differs from that of any of our other colonies. Australia is scarcely advanced enough or old enough to stand alone, but runs no apparent danger from foreign aggression. Police apart, it really needs, and calls upon us for, scarcely any military aid. The Cape and New Zealand occupy many troops, because perpetually at war with the native tribes. But if we allowed the settlers to deal as they pleased with those tribes, and left them to the risks of doing so, they would probably manage well enough without us. But as we will not do this; as we have always (and perhaps properly enough) chosen to keep the plans of dealing with the surrounding aboriginal population in our own hands, it seems just that we should bear most of the cost of this our very costly determination. But Canada, though nominally a dependency, has all the elements of a complete nation. She is old enough to stand alone. Her system of government is in *seipso totus, teres, atque rotundus*. She has no aboriginal foes to fear, but is in close proximity to, and always in (let us say *potential*) jeopardy from a powerful, civilized, ambitious Power. How, then, does she stand as to the several conjectural propositions enumerated above?

1. Which party profits by the connection, and at whose desire is it continued? It is certain that England derives no pecuniary commercial, or material benefit from having Canada as a dependency, and the *fancied* benefit, the "prestige of Empire" (as the phrase is), is a pure delusion. Canada taxes all our produce and favors none. She is open to our immigrants no doubt, but neither more nor less than Ohio, New York, or Illinois. She remits us no tribute; she gives us no naval or military contingent. We love her as a child; we are proud of her as a worthy and flourishing offset; we shall stand by her and defend her to the death as long as she wishes to belong to the ancestral empire;—but if she wishes to be independent to-morrow, we should bid her God speed and

part from her without the slightest soreness or the faintest opposition,—for we gain nothing by the connection, and should lose nothing by the severance. Does Canada then profit by the connection? Somewhat in material interest, no doubt—more still in feeling. She has, it is true, no commercial advantage in our markets, nor *much* greater command of British capital than have the United States as long as we believe them to be honest and solvent. But she has the pride of belonging to the first empire in the world, and she has been saved the heavy burden of maintaining such an army and navy for her own defence as she would have to do were she independent. At present, the item "Army and Navy" scarcely figure at all in her annual estimates of expenditure. Certainly the connection, though a source of pride and pleasure to both countries, is a source of profit (though not a great one) to the colony only,—and is kept up by her desire, rather than by ours, since she might terminate it at once if ever she earnestly and at all unanimously expressed a wish to do so.

2. The facts in reference to the second proposition are very clear also. It would be a terrible burden upon Canada to have to provide for her own defence. Probably she scarcely *could* do it altogether. It would be a very heavy burden upon us, but we could do it no doubt if we tried. The maintenance of an army, even if only a militia, falls very severely on a new country, a large one, and a thinly-populated one. In old countries population is dense, labor is seldom highly remunerated, and there is generally a poor and miscellaneous class out of which the military force can be recruited. It is not so in a colony. There men are scattered, every man is profitably employed, and the price of labor is very high. Canada is immensely extensive. It is said to have a frontier (which *might* need defence) of one thousand miles. The entire adult population is only seven hundred thousand. Their revenue too is small, and heavy taxation would be severely felt. For Canada to maintain a large army—an army adequate to defend it if attacked by a powerful neighbor—would be almost impossible, without terrible interruption to its prosperity and its progress. It could do much towards its own security, but it scarcely could do all.

3. The facts relating to the third proposition seem nearly equally clear, though perhaps not quite so undisputed. There can be no doubt, on the one hand, that our possession of Canada renders us much more likely to be involved in war with America than if Canada did not exist, or belonged to some other Power. The United States covet Canada, are disposed to quarrel with us on account of Canada, and are the more inclined to quarrel with us, from knowing how easily and how deeply they can wound us through Canada. If Canada were not ours, our probable causes of difference with the United States would be confined to slave trade questions and naval jealousies. On the other hand, it is equally obvious and undeniable that Canada is often liable to be dragged into a war with her near and powerful neighbor, and to be made the seat of hostilities, in our quarrels, and owing to her connection with us. If we went to war with America on account of disputes in China, or Africa, or by an outrage like that of the *Trent* affair, —with which Canada had no direct concern, and where she might by possibility even think us wrong,—she would be involved and perhaps be made the battle-field. The connection, therefore, is *mutually* dangerous, and exposes both Canada and England to the chances of hostilities which, if separate,

each might escape. The great distinction, however, is this—though Colonel Rankin, we observe, in his speech in the Colonial Legislature chooses to ignore it. If Canada were independent, *England* would be entirely free from the danger she now runs from the territorial ambition of the United States. *Canada*, on the contrary, *would be doubly exposed to this danger*. The United States would desire to annex her just as covetously as they now do, and would be far more likely to attempt it, because then they would feel as confident of success as they now feel mistrustful of failure. It seems as clear as anything in the future can be, that, once separated from England, and thrown upon her own resources, Canada must be absorbed by the United States,—a result which she not only dreads and deprecates, but which would reduce her to a position of insignificance and virtual dependence, compared with which her connection with Great Britain is freedom, dignity, and power. She would then at the best form only two States out of twenty or twenty-five, and have not as many votes in Congress as New York. She is now a rising and unfettered portion of a nation which has learned how to respect and liberate the buoyant energies of youth, and which never deserts or presses hardly on its offspring.

At Mr. Hering's, Regent Street, may be seen a large collection of photographic views and panoramas taken by Signor Beato during the Indian Mutiny and the Chinese War. This comprises many interesting representations of Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, etc., in India; Hong-Kong, the Pei-Ho, Peking, the Summer Palace, and Canton. As photographs, these leave nothing to be desired; while some of the panoramas, especially those of Lucknow, which are in no less than six pieces each, must have demanded extraordinary care in preparation. That taken from the Kaiser Bagh gives an idea of the splendor of the building itself and the extent of the city, which is most impressive. Scanty as are the notices of Indian architecture amongst us, that splendid specimen known as the Martinière School, the scene of Sir Colin Campbell's first and second attacks, has an interest in its own. Many of the buildings show the effect of shot-strokes and shell-explo-

sions in huge holes and cavities where the wall has been pierced, or one of its thicknesses blown in to show an interior chamber. The Interior of the Secundar Bagh after the slaughter of 2,000 rebels displays the horrors of retribution fearfully, the court-yard being strewn with dried corpses and stark skeletons of men that blanch in the sun. The Panorama of Delhi, in eight pieces, merits no less commendation than that of Lucknow; it has equal interest. The Chinese forts of Pehlung and Tangkoo, with the North Fort, expand one's notions of the importance of the difficulties overcome in their capture. The views in Canton and Peking would have been esteemed inestimable treasures five years ago; now they are just the things to bring the famous cities before us. Believing that men are more interesting subjects of study than buildings however remarkable, or landscapes however famous and beautiful, we should like to see more of the human element added to this collection than it yet contains.

From The Saturday Review, 21 June.
MEDIATION.

It is well that the plan of a joint mediation between the American belligerents failed even before it was formerly proposed. The project would have been objectionable even if the time had been more opportune for pacific negotiations; and in the present temper of the Northern population any amicable settlement seems to be out of the question. As long as a conquest seems possible, and before the approach of financial embarrassment has penetrated the general comprehension, it is not likely that the Federalists will be satisfied with a part of the whole which they hope to secure. The utter humiliation of the South is, by a twofold delusion, represented as at the same time practicable and desirable; and an accommodation in which the enemy must be to a certain extent, recognized as an equal, would involve intolerable disappointment. It is useless to prove that the war must terminate in some similar arrangement, if it is not to be carried on forever. The North is fighting even more for victory than for empire; and the magnitude of the army, as well as its real or imaginary achievements, fills the popular imagination. A mediator implies, in accepting the office, that something is to be conceded on either side. A sensible member lately reminded the House of Representatives that it was useless to emancipate by proclamation slaves who had already sufficient motive for running away if they could; and it would be not less idle to institute an arbitration between belligerents if the weaker party were already prepared to tender an unqualified submission. If words have any meaning, and acts any significance, the Confederate States will not be satisfied with less than the recognition of their independence. An award founded on any assumption that the Union was to be maintained would be summarily rejected by the South; and yet the indispensable condition of peace is the very concession which the Federal Government would certainly refuse.

Even, however, if an early peace were intrinsically possible, an English offer of mediation would have involved serious dangers. If it were summarily rejected, the proposal would nevertheless be resented as an encouragement to the seceders, and it would not be accepted unless the French Government

were a partner in the transaction. If an arbitration were instituted, it would be impossible to answer for the tendencies or conduct of French diplomatists. Any leaning which they might show to the South would be attributed to their unpopular colleagues, while the burden of rejecting proposals unduly favorable to the Federalists might at any moment be thrown on the English plenipotentiaries. Both members of the international tribunal might be suspected of a regard for selfish interests, but all imputations of unfairness would be habitually concentrated on England. The mere commencement of mediation would serve as a perpetual excuse for incomplete success; and if the Federal Government assumed the responsibility of accepting the intervention, the hated forerunner would be taxed with the injustice of refusing to effect by his sentence the result which is now universally expected from the supposed triumphs of the army. Even if the award were delivered and adopted, immediate demands would be made for the seizure of Canada, in revenge and compensation for the loss of Louisiana or South Carolina.

There is some excuse for the repugnance which the Northern Americans have expressed to every attempt to settle the dispute by mediation. European interference might be honest, but it could not be exclusively judicial. The intention of enforcing the judgment which might be given, and of securing peace under any circumstances, is visibly apparent behind the mere offer of arbitration. The Emperor of the French desires the cessation of hostilities from a reasonable regard for the welfare of his own subjects, and it is not to be supposed that he would acquiesce in the rejection of his counsels if the combatants ultimately determined to persevere in the war. The Federal Government understands that mediation means peace with the South, or war with the power which should have delivered its judgment in vain. The Confederates, for the same reason, constantly invoke the intervention of France and England, in the hope that a judicial decision might soon be followed by active co-operation. It would not suit the dignity of England and France to adjudicate in a quarrel when both parties had not previously agreed to abide by their sentence. If the arbitration broke up by the with-

drawal of the Federal Government from the agreement, the seceders would have already secured recognition, if not alliance. Almost all advocates on both sides have taken it for granted that mediation would be principally favorable to the South; and it is difficult to distinguish between the appeals which are made to the impartiality of foreign powers, and the arguments in favor of immediate and forcible interference. It is generally admitted that, since the loss of New Orleans, a mere recognition would be a barren formality.

A war with Federal America would cost more than many crops of cotton are worth. It would be a godsend to zealous politicians who will shortly have to find an excuse for their reckless encouragement of the national delusion: and the antipathy which it would excite and almost justify would, for many generations, prevent the establishment of a solid and durable peace. When a rupture seemed almost unavoidable after the seizure of the *Trent*, prudent men deeply regretted the necessity of a conflict which was certain to be misrepresented and misunderstood. A war professedly waged for the establishment of Southern independence would be still more invidious, and it would not involve unanimity at home. It is impossible that England should wish to establish or maintain negro slavery, and it by no means follows that an alliance with a slave-holding community would imply any favor to the institution which might be incidentally assisted; but the negro-hating North would echo the fiercest denunciations of the Abolitionists against a power which connected itself with

the insurgent slave-owners. Against much loss and obloquy it is not easy to set off any counterbalancing advantage which would make an American war expedient.

Least of all would it be profitable to follow France into a struggle which would necessarily be controlled by alien counsels and motives. Joint action in war is not recommended by the experience of recent years in the Crimea, in China, or in Mexico. Good faith and friendly feeling are no sufficient security for a lasting community of interests; and it might suit the purpose of France to make peace or to continue the war against the wish and opinion of the English Government. In either case, a withdrawal from the alliance would be either dangerous or discreditable, and yet the objections to perseverance in joint action might be still more insurmountable. The quarrels of two allies with a common enemy are never altogether identical. It might become necessary to mix up questions of Mexican policy or of insults on the French flag with the main object of terminating a ruinous civil war. The mere want of cotton is not precisely the same in character and in result as it affects the trade of the two countries. An armed intervention in the South would probably be popular at Lyons, but it would certainly meet with general disapproval in Lancashire. On the whole, it is better not to engage in an uncertain partnership; it is inexpedient to undertake the gratuitous duty of coercing the Americans into commerce; and it is not even desirable to offer or to undertake a mediation which might probably end in an armed intervention by England and France.

PUBLICATIONS IN GERMANY.—According to *Heinrichs' Quarterly Catalogue*, the literary publications of Germany, in the year 1861, amount to 9,398, while their number in 1860 was 9,496. Among these literary productions theology is most strongly represented: it comprises 1,394 works (1,458 in 1860) jurisprudence comes next, with 936 works, to 884 in the previous year; belles-lettres, with 908 to 936;

pedagogical works, with 828 to 795; history, with 618 to 595; natural sciences, with 512 to 542; works on Fine Arts, with 449 to 431; medical works, with 436 to 428, etc., etc. While in German literature, as these figures will prove, a small decrease is discernible, the number of works in the Slavonian and Hungarian languages shows a considerable increase: 152 to 116 in 1860.

From All The Year Round.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

LONG sunshine to the marriage between an English princess and the nephew of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt! Doubtless there is all reason why their union should be a happy one, true though it be that the married happiness of English princes and princesses must come in spite—not because of—the Royal Marriage Act: an act against which it is quite time that somebody should protest as a shackle on royalty that we can all—princes and people—very well afford to strike off.

Little more than a century has passed since George the Third came to the throne now graced by his granddaughter, whose territories have been acquired by the energy of England; not one acre of them do we derive from our German connections. It was the boast of the young king, on his accession, that he was the first of his house who had been "born and bred a Briton." Educated by his mother, a princess of Saxe Gotha who had been trained in the belief, dominant still in one Prussian head, that a German potentate is the divine master of his people, he inherited his disposition to take more than a fair share of power. The great use of the Whig party in those days, was, that it distinctly fought, on behalf of the constitutional rights of the people, the most necessary battle against all undue stretching of the king's prerogatives. As Elector of Hanover, King George was a member of that confederation of princes forming the Germanic empire. The supremacy in this empire was not acquired by hereditary descent; it was elective; and its chosen head assumed to wear the diadem of the Cæsars, as successor to the Emperors of Ancient Rome. It was one of the rights—or wrongs—attached to that sovereignty, that when a prince of the empire married a lady of inferior rank, she was denied her husband's title, and her children also were denied the right of succession, if she married without the sanction of an imperial patent. That provision can be traced to the military policy of the northern conquerors, adopted from the barbarous code of their Teutonic ancestors; and it was submitted to by the Germanic sovereigns, because the reward of submission was a voice in the election of the emperor, and a personal right of elevation

to the same high office. Still, we are assured by Gibbon that the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg was rather degraded than adorned by his newly acquired title of Elector of Hanover, since it imposed the obligation of feudal service on his free and patrimonial estates. From the restraint on the laws of nature resulting from the exercise of that prerogative of patent-granting, arose what was called the Morganatic Marriage—a ceremonial in which a German prince took to his wife a woman of inferior rank by giving her his left hand instead of his right: in sign that she, while accepting that hand, should not rise to her husband's station, and that the children of the marriage, though legitimate by birth, were to be bastardized as to inheritance. Such a marriage was called morganatic because the morganatica or dowry paid on the wedding morning was held to be payment in lieu of all other property right.

It was one of the feudal wrongs which drove the Norman barons to revolt in the days of John, that the heir was forced to marry according to the choice of his lord. That restriction was modified by the great charter which the barons wrung from the dejected tyrant at Runnymede. A system of bondage originally perhaps derived from the Hebrews, was, nevertheless, by a forced construction of that title to our liberties, retained in the control exercised by the great lords over the villains on their domains. It continued to be one of the distinctive badges of serfdom in the few despotic countries where serfdom prevailed. It is still a badge of slavery in the Southern American States, that the owner is entitled to exercise over his slave's marriage the same control that he has over the pairing of the inferior animals on his estates.

In the reign of Charles the Second, hereditary feuds were extinguished in England, and the last remnant ceased on the abolition of the Court of Wards. One of the earliest acts of our first Hanoverian sovereign, George the First, was to revive, in 1717, the claim of wardship over his grandchildren, to the exclusion of their father. Adopting that example, George the Third introduced into the laws of England a control to which he was himself subject only as an electoral prince within his Hanoverian states; this being, in fact, the only change in its law

that England has ever derived from Germany. It is a control which, disregarding natural attachments and remote degrees of relationship, seeks to prohibit the marriages of *all* descendants of royal blood without the previous express assent of the sovereign, and, in the event of the solemnization of such contract, empowers human prejudice and human passion to annul a rite, sanctified by divine authority, and brand with degradation the unborn. The admonition of ages was disregarded, that families with progenitors of aristocratic exclusiveness, "the tenth transmitters of a foolish race," first dwindling into sterility, have died out from exhaustion, and that the periodical infusion of new blood into alliances is an essential element in the vigorous perpetuation of the human race.

The project of the Royal Marriage Act was first announced by a message from the throne to parliament on the 20th of February, 1772, demanding some new provision more effectually to guard the descendants of George the Second, other than the issue of princesses who have married or may hereafter marry into *foreign* families, from marrying without the approbation of the crown. In a private letter of the 26th of that month to Lord North, then prime minister, the king—whose chief characteristic was unbending obstinacy—gave the following very distinct monitory intimation of his purpose: "I expect every nerve to be strained to carry the bill. It is not a question of administration, but personal to myself; and therefore I have a right to expect a hearty support from every one in my service, and I shall remember defaulters." He resolved to follow up this declaration; for, in a subsequent letter of the 14th of March to the same minister, he thus expressed himself: "I wish a list could be prepared of those that went away, and of those that deserted to the minority on division. That would be the rule of my conduct in the drawing-room to-morrow." The rule of conduct thus avowed was rigidly observed in hostility through life to Mr. Fox, who resisted the measure; and we are assured by Horace Walpole that "his implacability against those who opposed the Marriage Act proves it is his own act." Forced upon an obsequious minister, the measure was subsequently wrung out of a servile parliament.

The arbitrary instincts of the king had been excited and roused into action by the singular domestic relations of his royal brothers. Among other peculiarities, it is perhaps remarkable that widows have been in general preferred by princes of the house of Brunswick. Edward Augustus Duke of York, the eldest brother, died in 1767 at Monaco, then in Italy but now in France. It was believed by many that he had formed an attachment for, and was bound either by a secret marriage or a solemn pledge to, the Lady Mary Coke, one of the Campbell sisters, a daughter and co-heiress of John, the celebrated Duke of Argyll. The fair widow of Edward Viscount Coke, eldest son of the then Earl of Leicester, considered herself married to the eldest of the royal dukes, subscribed her name in the regal style, and on his death wore widow's weeds.

The marriage of the king's second brother, William Henry Duke of Gloucester, with Maria Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, had been secretly solemnized in 1766, and although suspected or perhaps known, had not been publicly avowed. In the position of the royal duke and his duchess there were some remarkable features. The title of Waldegrave was a creation of James the Second in the person of Sir Henry Waldegrave, Baronet, who, in 1686, became Baron Waldegrave. He had married Henrietta Fitz-James, a daughter of the king by Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, and Henrietta was sister to the celebrated James Fitz-James Duke of Berwick. The young Lord Waldegrave, having embraced the religion of the exiled king, followed his fortunes to France, where he died in 1689, leaving his widow with an only son, James, who succeeded to his father's title. He attached himself to the rising fortunes of the house of Churchill, and abandoned the faith of the fallen Stuarts. Reproached in after life for this abandonment by his uncle the Duke of Berwick—"Was it not from worldly motives that you conformed? Come, confess it?" The young lord replied, "It was to avoid confession, your grace, that I became a Protestant!" He was created Earl of Waldegrave in 1729, and it was his son James, the second earl, great-grandson of James the Second, who became by the changes and revenges brought about by time, the governor of

George the Third during his minority as Prince of Wales, and, before that sovereign's accession to the throne, prime minister of England. When rather advanced in life, he married, in 1759, Maria Walpole, the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Baronet, second son of the great minister Sir Robert. Maria Walpole was many years younger than her husband, and Horace Walpole, who invariably expresses for his niece the affection of a father, thus describes her: "Maria is beauty itself; her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is, that her face is rather too round, and she has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty." The earl died in 1763, leaving three daughters by his widow; and although she dedicated to his memory a laudatory epitaph, in which she subscribed herself as "the once happy wife, and now the remembrancer of his virtues," the title of Duchess of Gloucester very naturally weaned her from her sorrows.

The third brother of the king, Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, was only remarkable for the profligacy of his career, and the libertinism of his amours, without any of those qualities which in some eyes render libertinism attractive. In 1820, the British public were startled by an announcement headed, "Discovery of a Royal Princess." A person of the name of Olive or Olivia Wilmot Serres pretended to be the offspring of a private marriage alleged to have taken place in 1767 between the Duke of Cumberland and Olivia Wilmot, who was said to have been the daughter of a clergyman of that name. As the date fixed for this union, if there were any foundation for the story, was prior to the Royal Marriage Act, the issue, if any, would have been legitimate. This impudent attempt to imitate the Perkin Warbeck imposition, was sought to be sustained by documents apparently bearing the signatures of eminent public characters, then dead. The entire deception and the fabrication of the papers were triumphantly exposed on the 18th of June, 1823, by the late Sir Robert Peel, in parliament. The pretender turned out to be the daughter of a house painter in Warwick, and to have been baptized in the parish church of that borough on the 15th

of April, 1772, as the daughter of Robert and Mary Ann Wilmot. This woman also put forward pretensions to be a Polish Princess, alleging that her mother had been the legitimate daughter of Stanislaus, who had been placed by Charles the Twelfth on the throne of Poland, and consequently sister of Marie Leskinski, the queen of Louis the Fifteenth of France. There was of course as little reality in this claim as in the other. The Duke of Cumberland's chief reputation was earned as defendant in 1770 in an action for the seduction of the young wife of Richard Lord Grosvenor, in which the damages were assessed at ten thousand pounds. The infidelities of the lord were held to palliate the offence of the lady, and we are assured by Horace Walpole, that so far from the result being deemed a dishonor by either, it seemed uncertain which was the more proud of the distinction—the husband or the wife. The heartless abandonment of this victim for the wife of a rich city merchant, speedily followed. She also was in turn deserted, and the indignation of the king was aroused by public announcement of this brother's marriage on the 2d of October, 1771: a step which was said to be the only virtuous act of his life. It was first announced in the *Public Advertiser* by a note from Junius, under the heading—"Intelligence extraordinary, though true." "This match, we are informed, was negotiated by a certain duke and his cream-colored parasite by way of reward to Colonel Luttrell. It is now, happily for this country, within the limits of possibility that a Luttrell may be king of Great Britain." The lady thus elevated to the title of Her Royal Highness was the daughter of Simon Luttrell, and the widow of Colonel Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire. Her father had been created, in 1768, Baron Irnham, in the peerage of Ireland, and was, after the alliance of his family with royalty, raised to the dignity of Earl Carhampton. Horace Walpole thus describes the royal bride: "The new princess of the blood is a young widow of twenty-four, extremely pretty, not handsome, very well made, with the most amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard long—coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra, and completely mistress of all her passions and projects. Indeed, eyelashes three-quarters of a yard shorter would

have served to conquer such a head as she has turned. I need not hint to you how unfortunate an event this is at the present moment, and how terribly it clashes with the situation of another person whom I most heartily pity, and whom I did all I could to preserve from falling into so cruel a position."

The family to which this new duchess belonged was in the worst repute. We have the authority of Sir Robert Heron, Baronet, in his published Notes, that "Lady Elizabeth Luttrell resided with her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, played high, and cheated much. She was commonly called the Princess Elizabeth. On the death of her sister, in 1809, she was thrown into jail; there she gave a hairdresser fifty pounds to marry her; her debts then becoming his, she was discharged. She went abroad, where she descended still lower and lower, until being convicted of picking pockets at Augsburg, she was condemned to clean the streets, chained to a wheelbarrow. In that miserable state she terminated her existence by poison."

The king, then, had from his brothers strong provocation to the personal feeling with which he urged the passing of the Royal Marriage Act. But during the last ninety years great, indeed, have been the changes for the better in the tone of English society. In no class has the improvement been more marked than in the very highest, which the perpetuation of this measure tends peculiarly to degrade.

The king's anger did not deter the Duke of Gloucester from avowing as his consort the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, whom he had previously espoused. That avowal was first made in a letter from the lady to her father, a letter worthy of an English wife:—

"St. Leonards, May 19th, 1772.

"My dear and ever Honored Sir,—You cannot easily imagine how much every past affliction has been increased to me, by not being at liberty to make you *quite* easy. The duty to a husband being superior to that we owe to a father, I hope will plead my pardon, and that instead of blaming my past reserve you will consider it commendable.

"When the Duke of Gloucester married me (which was in September, 1766), I promised him on no consideration in the world to own it, *even to you*, without his permis-

sion, which permission I never had till yesterday, when he arrived here in much better health and looks than I ever saw him; yet, as you may suppose, much hurt at all that has passed in his absence; so much so, that I have had great difficulty to prevail upon him to let things as much as possible remain as they are. To secure *my* character, without injuring *his*, is the utmost of my wishes; and I dare say you and all my relations will agree with me, that I shall be much happier to be called Lady Waldegrave, and respected as the Duchess of Gloucester, than to feel myself the cause of his leading such a life as his brother does, in order for me to be called your royal highness. I am prepared for the sort of abuse the newspapers will be full of. Very few people will believe that a woman will refuse to be called princess, if in her power!

"*To have the power is my pride*: and not using it in some measure pays the debt I owe the duke for the honor he has done me.

"All I wish of my relations is, that they will show the world that they are satisfied with my conduct, yet *seem* to disguise their reasons.

"If ever I am unfortunate enough to be called Duchess of Gloucester, there is an end of almost all the comforts which I now enjoy, which, if things go on as they now are, are many.

"Your most affectionate and dutiful daughter,
"M. G."

Her father, while enclosing a copy of it to Horace Walpole, characterized the letter, "as one of the sweetest samples of sense, language, and goodness of heart, that I ever saw." His brother avows that, until he read it, he had withheld his approval, being too much of a courtier to wound the pride of the king. He thus describes his sensations on its perusal: "I sent my brother word that I had been ready to kiss his daughter's hand, but that I was now ready to kiss her feet. It struck me with astonishment, admiration, and tenderness, and, I confess, with shame. How mean did my prudence appear compared with hers, which was void of all personal consideration, but her honor. What proper spirit, what amiable concern for and gratitude to her husband; what scorn of the Duke of Cumberland, of rank, of malice, and (at least implied) of the king and his power! What sense in her conduct! I have always thought that feeling bestows the most sublime eloquence!" On the public announcement of their nuptials, the two

royal brothers and their consorts were summarily banished from the court.

The choice of Charlotte Sophia, a daughter of the house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as a consort for George the Third, did not exhibit a very refined sense of female loveliness in those to whom the selection had been confided. When the intended bride saw the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, two of the most brilliant beauties of the day, who had been sent to accompany her to England, conscious of the possession of no such attractions, and abashed by the contrast, she inquired, "Are all the ladies of England as beautiful as you?" Court gossip had apprised her that her intended lord had already tendered his heart to a subject—the most beautiful girl of the day—the Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of a ducal house, in whose veins flowed the blood of the Stuarts. The future mother of the Napiers would have been a consort worthy of a sovereign. Her son, Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular wars of Wellington, in his memoirs of his brother Charles, the conqueror of Scinde, states that, "When scarcely eighteen years of age, George the Third offered her his hand. She refused; he persisted, and was finally accepted, partly because of his apparently sincere passion, partly from the influence of her brother-in-law, the first Lord Holland. But the politicians worked on royal pride, hurt by the first refusal, and the monarch fell back." Although the German precedent of a morganatic marriage would not have satisfied the purer delicacy of the English lady, still, probably with a view to tranquilize the apprehensions of the queen, Lady Sarah Lennox appeared as the first of the royal bridesmaids at the wedding. The rank of those of her own family who attended the bride would seem not to have entitled the queen to assume any very lofty airs; her brother, Charles Louis Frederick, who was present, being but a colonel in a regiment of Hanoverian foot guards. Educated in the prejudiced traditions of a German house, her majesty constantly boasted of purer blood than her lord, and often reproached him with the stain in his lineage by the union a hundred years before with the noble French family of D'Olbseuse. At a dinner given by her at Frogmore, there were present with her children some foreign members of the house of Brunswick. One of the

guests having remarked that every person at the table was descended from the Electress Sophia, the queen started, and haughtily pointing to her heart, exclaimed, "Il n'y a pas de D'Olbseuse ici!" Married herself, and surrounded by every earthly enjoyment, his German spouse was earnest and unceasing in pressing the king to enforce the most rigid restrictions on the natural rights and connubial happiness of future generations.

Under the pressure of those various influences, the Royal Marriage Act was forced with precipitation through parliament. Its preamble adopted the language of the message from the crown, and its first provision prohibited any descendants of George the Second, male or female, other than the issue of princesses, who have married or may hereafter marry into *foreign* families, from contracting matrimony without the consent of the crown signified under the great seal, and declared every such marriage null and void. Its second provision enabled any member of the royal family above the age of twenty-five, to contract a valid marriage, although dissented from by the crown, by giving twelve months' previous notice to the privy council, unless both Houses of Parliament should, before the expiration of that period, express their disapprobation. Its third and last provision declared that every person who should solemnize, assist, or be present at any royal marriage without such consent, should incur the penalties of a præmunire, as provided by the statute made in the sixteenth year of King Richard the Second. The second provision was introduced apparently to mitigate the severity of the first, but its absurdities were glaring. In the succession to the crown, a member of the royal family was competent to sway the sceptre at eighteen, to be regent at twenty-one, but not to choose a consort until over twenty-five. This preposterous innovation led at the time to the following epigram:—

"Quoth Dick to Tom, this act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

"The mystery how shall we explain?
For sure as wise men said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed.

"Quoth Tom to Dick, thou art a fool!

And little know'st of life—

Alas, 'tis easier far to rule

A kingdom than a wife!"

The penalties of a *præmunire*—a corruption of the Latin word *præmonere*, to forewarn, originally devised to check papal interference in state affairs—were adopted from a barbaric age and the unfortunate reign of our feeblest monarch. Horace Walpole states that this silly provision was left by its devisers in the bill, "in order that nobody might be punished: a secret they probably did not tell the king!"

The bill was prepared by Henry Bathurst, who was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Apsley. We learn from Lord Campbell that "although when attorney-general to Frederick Prince of Wales, his master being at variance with George the Second, he had seen great reason to doubt the asserted authority of the king respecting the marriage of his descendants, now, as chancellor to George the Third, he had all his doubts cleared up," and supported the measure in his maiden speech as a peer.

The bill was strongly opposed in the House of Lords. Amongst others by Lord Camden, who had been lord chancellor, and whose talents as a great lawyer and unprecedented popularity as a constitutional judge had elevated him to the peerage. Lord Campbell declares: "He was one of the brightest ornaments of my profession and my party, for I glory, like him, in the name of Whig." "When the Royal Marriage Act was brought forward," while "he admitted that some regulations were necessary to prevent the *mésalliance* of those near the throne," he strongly resisted the bill. "His manliness," observes his biographer, "deserves great credit, considering that the reigning sovereign was resolved to carry the bill as originally framed against the advice of several of his ministers, and had expressed himself personally offended with all who questioned its wisdom." The opposition was unavailing, for, according to Horace Walpole, "the king grew dictatorial, and all his creatures kissed his feet." Strong protests were left on record; one, from the pen of Burke, bears, together with ducal signatures, the name of Charles Wentworth Marquis of Rockingham, twice prime minister. In the House of Commons the meas-

ure was discussed with closed doors, the public being excluded from the galleries and the entrance being locked, as if the members were ashamed of the deed they were doing. The constitutional lore and splendid declamation of Burke, the manly eloquence of Fox, were unavailing. We quote again from Walpole: "Zeal, and money, and all influence went to work; the ears were closed in which golden infusion has been poured." Henry Lawes Luttrell affected to be indignant at the dishonor aimed at his sister, and even threatened to turn patriot. Gibbon, in a letter to Lord Sheffield, says: "The noise of Luttrell is subsided, but there was some foundation for it. The colonel's expenses in his bold enterprise, the Middlesex election, were yet unpaid by government. The hero threatened, assumed the patriot, received a sop, and again sunk into a courtier." In the language of Walpole, "Never was an act passed against which so much, and for which so little was said." To its other claims upon the country was added this—it owed its existence to corruption.

The measure was hateful to the public; it rendered the title even of Cumberland, when its duke became the victim of court persecution, popular. Goldsmith thus alludes to it in his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which was first produced on the 13th of March, 1773. When her lover urges Miss Neville to elope, he exclaims, "If my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall be soon landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected." The Duke of Gloucester was present on the night of the first performance, and such was the public sympathy excited, that the audience at once applied the allusion to his brother, and testified their feeling in a burst of applause. The Duke of Cumberland and his bride had proceeded to Italy, and were received by the Papal courts at Rome with royal honors; the dome of St. Peter's was illuminated with peculiar splendor to greet their arrival. This reception was designed to mark reprobation of a measure which was supposed to annul a religious rite. The honors so paid deeply mortified the surviving Stuarts, Charles Edward and Henry Benedict, Cardinal of York, then resident, as pensioners of the Pope, at Rome.

Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace

Mann, of the 26th of May, 1773, thus alludes to the birth of the first child of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda: "The Duchess of Gloucester was delivered of a princess this day; so even their holidays are taken from the Stuarts." It would seem from the same communications that the king had on that occasion relented: "The marriages of the two royal dukes, at the request of his Highness of Gloucester, have been authenticated this week. The king sent the archbishop, the chancellor, and Bishop of London, this day se'nnight, to examine the proofs and report them, with their opinions. They declared themselves fully satisfied with the validity of both marriages, made their report in full council before the king last Wednesday, and the depositions were entered in the council books. You will be surprised after this account that the good-natured part of the duchess's sex has opened its triple mouths to question the legality of the Duke of Gloucester's marriage, because there were no witnesses. The law of England requires none. The declaration of the parties is sufficient. . . . The duke was advised to be married again with the king's consent, but he had too much sense to take such silly counsel, though the king would have allowed it. The duke, however, submitted to the king's pleasure if it should be thought necessary, though fully satisfied himself of its validity. The king sent him word by the archbishop, that as his royal highness was satisfied, and as his majesty had heard no objection to the validity, he did not think any further steps necessary. In fact, the noise of those who repine at the duchess's exaltation is a proof that they are convinced her marriage is indissoluble." The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester subsequently visited the Continent, and their eldest son, William Frederick, the future Duke of Gloucester, was born on the 15th of January, 1776, at Rome. So marked was the attention which this royal couple also received there during their residence, that in the same year Calleteti, a bookseller, who had inscribed some dramatic works to the duke, was banished by the Papal court for the offence of having omitted "royal" in the dedication. They subsequently appeared at several foreign courts, and Horace Walpole, writing on the 14th of May, 1777, again to Sir Horace Mann,

who was British envoy at the court of Tuscany, assures him, "She has not at all forgotten that she was not royally born. I am sure you found her as easy and natural as if she had not married even Lord Waldegrave. When she left England her beauty had lost no more than her good qualities. I am glad your court has behaved to her as they ought. I am glad the English see there is no nation so contemptibly servile as our own." The excellent but unpresuming qualities of the Duchess of Gloucester, although not a high born subject, won the affections and admiration of all the royal family to which we have become allied.

We learn from the court gossip of Cornelia Knight, that George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, was not free from apprehensions that his daughter the Princess Charlotte of Wales would have selected her cousin of Gloucester as her future consort. Royal pride even afterwards descended to bestow the hand of his cousin the Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George the Third, with the required consent of the crown, on the son of Maria Walpole, and the grandson of Dorothy Clement, the milliner's apprentice from Durham, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester. The marriage was solemnized on the 22d of July, 1816, at Buckingham House, then the palace of Queen Charlotte. By a singular coincidence the two dukedoms, which furnished the pretext for the Royal Marriage Act, have both become extinct, and no descendants of George the Second can be traced through either of their matrimonial alliances.

Chatham was in retirement when the measure passed. In a letter to Lord Shelburne, he thus denounced it: "The doctrine of the Royal Marriage Bill is certainly new fangled and impudent; the extent of the powers it gives the crown is wanton and tyrannical." Chatham, had he been minister then, might have shown the king that foreign princes do not always make the best of husbands, and recalling memorable examples in his majesty's own immediate family, might have pointed to that remarkable episode in Hanoverian history, the tragic fate of Dorothea Sophia of Zell, through whom he derived much of his German patrimony and his birth.

There was a still nearer and dearer connection of the king, whose fate ought to have

induced him to pause. Caroline Matilda, the favorite sister of George the Third, is one of those unions of consanguinity, which the strongest predilections of cousinship could not draw closer, had married with royal approval the Crown Prince, afterwards Christian the Seventh, son of Frederick the Fifth of Denmark and Louisa, daughter of George the Second. "She had been linked," in the language of Earl Stanhope, "with an abject wretch, destitute alike of sense and virtue;" but that wretch was first cousin of his bride. The fatal night of the 16th of January, 1772, little more than a month before the royal message to parliament, witnessed an English princess, the sister and wife of a king, the mother of a future king, subjected to indignities resembling those which eighty years before had been endured by her great grandmother, the injured Sophia of Zell. Queen Matilda, suddenly aroused from sleep in her own palace, was informed of her arrest. Neither her station nor her sex received respect. Attempting, in the frenzy of despair, to reach the chamber of her husband, she was rudely repelled by the bayonets of a brutal soldiery; and only half attired, with an infant in her arms, was hurried away to the castle of Croningsberg. There, in a land of strangers, and surrounded by spies, she endured a close captivity of four months, terminated by the manly intrepidity of Colonel Murray Keith, the British envoy at Copenhagen, and by the menacing attitude of England. This victim of a royal marriage with a foreign prince at last found refuge in a British ship of war. Fact might have been set against fact, and argument thus held that marriages of consanguinity with foreign princes were not necessary to secure the happiness of the princesses of England.

As the melody which in after times clouded the mind of the king cleared away, he saw some melancholy consequences of the measure he had forced upon this country. Scandals sullied the fair fame of one at least of his daughters. George Prince of Wales had been early fascinated by the charms of Mary Anne Smythe, better known as Mrs. Fitz-Herbert. His love was known to the ballad-monger:

"I'd crown resign,
To call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!"

In kneeling at her feet he affected to emulate the most illustrious of his predecessors, Edward the Black Prince, who had given his hand in lawful wedlock to the celebrated Joan, the once fair maid of Kent, when, like Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, she too was in her second widowhood.

The Royal Marriage Act enabled the son of the king who imposed it on us, having married this lady, to violate his plighted faith, and gratify the German predilections of his father by his ill-assorted union with a foreign princess, Caroline Sophia of Brunswick, the wife, not of his choice, but of his aversion. In that union the ties of German consanguinity were again drawn as close as nature would endure. The eldest son of George the Third was married to the daughter of the eldest sister of the king.

Honest and binding marriage to the woman of his choice might have made almost a man even of George the Fourth. The Marriage Act helped largely to make him what he was. It would have saved the deliberations of the most august judicial Assembly in the empire from odious disclosures; it would have saved the confidential advisers of the crown from the ignominy of discomfiture; and the nation from the sin and shame and sorrow of an example, which terminated in the degradation, and ultimately in the death, of the erring but persecuted Caroline of Brunswick.

Then we have had—all the immorality being in the operation of the Royal Marriage Act—the Sussex Peerage case. Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex, the sixth son of George the Third, on the 21st of March, 1793, at Rome, entered into the most solemn matrimonial contract with the Lady Augusta Murray, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore. That contract was still further consecrated by a marriage solemnized on the 3d of April, in the Papal city, by a clergyman of the Church of England, and the ceremony was again repeated on the 5th of December following, in St. George's church, Hanover-square. On the event becoming known to the king, a suit was instituted by him in the royal name to annul the marriage. The prohibitory provision in the Act was alone relied on to defeat its validity, and in August, 1794, the king obtained a decree declaratory of its nullity. On the death of the royal duke his

eldest son, Augustus Frederick d'Este, as heir, in 1843 claimed, in right of his mother's marriage, the honors and dignities of his father, the dukedom of Sussex, the earldom of Inverness, and the baronage of Arkelow. The petition having been referred to the House of Lords, Cardinal Wiseman, then a Roman Catholic bishop, appeared at the bar of that assembly, as a witness to sustain the marriage as valid according to Roman law. The late Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Campbell, declared, "The evidence which has been given to us of the Roman law, uncontradicted as it is, would prove that a marriage at Rome of English Protestants, according to the rites of their own Church, would be recognized as a marriage by the Roman law, and therefore would be a marriage all over the world. But when we come to the Royal Marriage Act, it seems to me that there is an insuperable bar to the validity of the marriage." Such was the unanimous opinion and decision of the Peers; annulment, by this most immoral law, of a Protestant marriage between British-born subjects, which even the Romish Church would recognize.

The Duke of Sussex, long after the death of his first wife, entered into a second marriage with the Lady Cecelia Letitia Gore, the widow of Sir George Buggin, who, during her widowhood, had assumed her mother's name of Underwood. Her second marriage with the royal duke being also without the previous assent of the crown, she never claimed or assumed the title of royal highness. Her majesty, however, in 1840, during the lifetime of her royal husband, raised this lady to ducal rank as Duchess of Inverness, according to her husband's title. The restrictive measure which we have arraigned exceeds in the cruelty of its pressure on the innocent the marriage act of the most despotic of English sovereigns. Henry the Eighth imposed the penalties of treason upon any person contracting an unauthorized marriage with one of the king's children. One of the first acts of the promising reign of his young successor, Edward the Sixth, was to repeal that enactment. The clandestine marriage in 1560 of the Lady Catherine Gray, of the royal blood, heir presumptive to the crown under the will of Henry the Eighth, if the Princess Elizabeth should die without issue—would accordingly

have been valid. The Star Chamber did arbitrarily imprison the earl, but the children, if any, would have been legitimate. The same would have been the result with the issue of the secret marriage between the Lady Arabella Stuart and William Seymour, although it sent them both to the Tower. Until this German custom was engrafted upon English law, we find no edict which visits with perpetual degradation the innocent and unborn offspring of parents professing the same religious creed, whose hands had been solemnly joined by a rite recognized as sacred.

Before the days of the Royal German Marriage Act, a daughter of England was never thought unworthy to be the wife of an English prince. Three of the six sovereigns of the house of Stuart, and three of the four sovereigns of the house of Tudor, were born of royal marriages with subjects. William the Norman, from whom the long line of English royalty deduces its descent, was even proud of the plebeian birth of his mother Arlotta, the daughter of a tanner. Henry of Monmouth, the Fifth of England, the hero of Agincourt, was the son of a subject, Mary Bohun, daughter of the Earl Hereford. John of Gaunt, "time honored Lancaster," son of Edward the Third, accepted Catherine Swinford, then a widow, as his third wife. Thus he and Chaucer married sisters. The founder of the royal line of Tudor was the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret Beaufort, only child of John Duke of Somerset. Horace Walpole, in his *Historic Doubts*, describes the marriage of Henry Tudor with Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry the Fourth, as an alliance between an illegitimate branch of the house of Lancaster and an illegitimate branch of the house of York. Two negatives making an affirmative, a legitimate heir to the throne was thus obtained. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, had married first the King of Scotland, and secondly the Earl of Angus, and from these two marriages, James the First, the son of Henry Darnley, a subject, derived his title to the united crowns. Edward the Sixth was the son of Jane Seymour, an English lady. Elizabeth, whose reign is surrounded with glorious associations, contrasting so strikingly with that of her sister of foreign and royal

birth, in the maternal line traced her lineage through her mother, Anna Boleyn, to a citizen of London.

The consorts of foreign birth and royal blood of the three succeeding sovereigns of the house of Stuart acquired only the hatred of the nation. To Henrietta Maria of France, the haughty and intolerant daughter of Henry of Navarre, may be traced many of the calamities of civil war, and perhaps the ultimate fate of her vacillating and treacherous husband, Charles the First. His profligate son, Charles the Second, expressed his readiness to wed an English wife, if one sufficiently wealthy could be found to satiate his avarice. Ultimately, his corrupt acceptance of age and ugliness was purchased by the rich dowry of a royal and foreign bride, Catherine of Braganza, a union without honor and without offspring. The first marriage of his brother, James the Second, when Duke of York, with Ann Hyde, an English girl, the daughter of a barrister, then in the Temple, although afterwards ennobled by the title of Clarendon, gave to the nation two queens, Mary, whose alliance with William of Orange made way for our happy revolution, and her sister Anne. The traditional name of the "good Queen Anne," is not yet forgotten in England, and while the comeliness of her person attested the homeliness of her birth, it was her constant boast that she was "entirely English." The weak and bigoted Mary Este, the second and foreign consort of the worthless father of Queen Anne, was the source of a long and unbroken series of calamities to the Stuarts and to the country. Strongly marked was the contrast between the worthless offspring of the foreign union with royal blood, and the son of the English mother.

The dynastic difficulties which arose from the rival claims of remote or collateral lineals in the days of the Plantagenets are gone; the conspiracies which deluged England with blood in those of the Tudors, in our

altered social and constitutional relations, cannot be repeated. Our repose is no longer startled by the phantom of a disputed succession. The race of the Stuarts has perished and passed away. The prerogative of assent once claimed as a fief by the elected head of the Germanic Empire on the marriage of an electoral prince ceased on the extinction of that dignity in 1806, and the creation of the inferior and limited title of Emperor of Austria. By his act of abdication, Francis the Second, the last Emperor of Germany—formally absolved all the princes of the confederation from the fealty which they owed to him as their chief. The reconstruction of the empire is expressly forbidden by the modern federation of the German states. What pretence can there be, then, for continuing in England a power of prohibition adopted from our Hanoverian connection, from which even that German crown has been exempted? Even if it were in force there, we have long since sent back its crown jewels to Hanover.

There is no policy to justify, there is everything to make England despise and disdain, the pitiful support to be derived from matrimonial alliances with petty German princes. The Anglo-Saxon race asserts and sustains its supremacy in every country and in every clime. Shall the highest of our young nobility at home, alone be made subject to the Hindoo distinctions of caste? Why are we to exclude those ennobled by ancestral honors, pre-eminent for intellectual or acquired endowments, or illustrious by glorious achievements, if "born and bred Britons," from the more intimate and more affectionate relations of that domestic circle, within which the purest private virtues dignify a royal home? Why are we to limit so closely for our sovereigns the chances of domestic happiness, by a custom that leaves to an English princess only about a dozen men from among whom her husband must be sought?

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY has blossomed into many forms—volunteers, alpine climbers, and athletic clubs. One of the last-named institutions has been founded in Liverpool; the members training themselves to contend in all manly exercises, fencing, broadsword, running,

jumping, vaulting, walking, riding, wrestling, and the like. This society has made so much progress already as to contemplate holding a Grand Olympic Festival on the 21st of June, when various prizes will be given for foot-races, walking, and a steeple-chase.

From The Spectator.

A GERMAN PEPYS.*

THE voluminous diary of Humboldt's friend—the clever ex-colonel, ex-diplomatist, Prussian privy councillor, poet, and novelist—Varnhagen von Ense, is the best comment and elucidation of German history which has been published these fifty years. Varnhagen's Diary, in its way, is quite as valuable as Pepys' famous work, as, in fact, there are many similarities between the late privy councillor of Berlin and the ancient secretary to the Admiralty. Varnhagen had even more opportunities of seeing "great people" than Pepys. The literary fame of Varnhagen, coupled with that of his famous wife, the genial Rahel—a sort of cross between a Mrs. Thrale and a Madame de Staël—made him intimate with all the political and diplomatic notabilities of Germany, while his past military career, his social position, and a certain amount of wealth, gave him the *entrée* into the *crème de la crème* of Teutonic society. Of all these circumstances, unusually favorable for a diarist, Herr Varnhagen von Ense made the very best use. Getting advanced in years, becoming *blasé* with life, and discovering the truth that all is vanity of vanities, he set himself down to take revenge of the young world by chronicling its actions. The chapters thus produced, terribly ugly though some of them are in their photographic truthfulness, bear all of them the impress of a profound acquaintance with the persons and events which they describe. Of course, they are entirely fragmentary, and without any immediate connection with each other, written down as they were on the spur of the moment. The best analysis and description which, therefore, can be given of the Diary is by culling some of the scraps at random, and presenting them to the reader.

The entries in the Diary commence in August, 1835, and end in April, 1848. The first two volumes, which bring the journal up to the end of 1844, are the least interesting, being descriptive chiefly of the dull and dreary life at the court of Berlin, and the equally dull scandals of the city. Royal and imperial majesties, ducal and grand

ducal highnesses, nobles, generals, ambassadors, and authors flit by us in a panorama, leaving no trace behind. During these first ten years, Herr Varnhagen seems not to have had the proper knack for his business, but noted down indiscriminately whatsoever came within his reach. Thus, naturally, the flat is predominating. Gradually, however, the pages of the diarist become more interesting, and genial glimpses into the Prussian world of thought and action come into light. Here is one such glimpse into the royal palace at Berlin, giving a curious sketch of the way in which a poet-laureate was treated by an august patron of art and literature:—

"The count told me, with great glee, of the literary *soirées* at the palace when Tieck is reading to the king. There is not a moment's silence in the room, and people are constantly running in and out; but the instant Tieck ceases reading, the king, in his sweetest manner, lisps, 'My dear Tieck, please do continue.' Which, however, does not prevent his majesty taking up the newspapers, and exchanging comments with the Prince of Prussia and others around. Poor Tieck! What a mockery and torment it must be to him."

Here is another little *morceau* in which our own gracious majesty is made to figure. The date is September, 1845:—

"The king, on the Rhine, wished to go with Queen Victoria to a magnificent concert. To his surprise, the queen meets him *en négligé*, yawns at him, says she is tired, has headache, and begs him to spare her. Thereupon the king returns to his consort, saying, '*Ich habe eben in einen tiefen Englischen Schlund hineingesehen!*' The concert was spoilt."

Varnhagen is bitter on this royal interview:—

"The Victoria visit is ill commented upon by the public. The ostentatious splendor of the entertainments, and the exaggerated *empressment* shown by the king, made everybody thoroughly uncomfortable. A simple and kind reception would have been infinitely better than these *fêtes* to the tune of a million and a half of thalers. There appeared a caricature representing a host of hungry handloom weavers warming their shivering bodies at the royal fireworks."

The following is not a little characteristic:—

"Queen Victoria called Chevalier Bunsen, informing him that her husband had the

* *Tagebücher von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense* (Diary of Varnhagen von Ense). 4 vols. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. London: Trübner and Co.

precedence of an Austrian archduke. Her majesty wished him to inform the king that the queen his consort, had been very wrong in giving her arm to the archduke. The king thereupon at once went to Queen Victoria, offering excuses on the plea of his own ignorance, and promising that the mistake should not occur again. To avoid unpleasantness either way, the king henceforth took great care to prevent a simultaneous meeting of the two princes, which might give rise to the question of precedence."

The review of his troops at the royal interview gave not a little trouble to Frederick William IV. :—

"The king was mightily displeased with the manœuvres of the army, especially those of the life guards. He gave way to his anger by spitting, calling the generals donkeys, oxen, and stupid asses. The Prince of Prussia did not fare much better, being spoken to very cavalierly, and told that if real war were to be carried on in this manner, the whole army might be lost in a defile. The scene was wound up by his majesty's word of command, 'Will you come out, you *canaille*?'"

The Guelphs do not find more favor than the Hohenzollerns in the eyes of the diarist :—

"The crown princess of Hanover has given birth to a prince. This secures the succession. Many think, however, it would be much better that the race should die out."

Under date of October 30, 1845 :—

"Humboldt says at Sans Souci the great question of the day, excluding all others, is whether the Jews crossed the Red Sea on a Tuesday or Wednesday. Nothing else is heard of for the moment, and the whole world is forgotten over the reports and drawings just sent in by Bunsen and Lepsius."

There was a great meeting of German and foreign theologians at Berlin in the beginning of 1848. The king took much interest in the discussions, and inquired where the sittings were taking place. "In the saloon of Minister Eichhorn," was the reply. "Oh, I know the place," said the king. "When I was crown prince, I was there once at dinner, and remember a monstrous fish which stank horribly. Well, I hope the present denizens will leave a better smell behind them."

According to Varnhagen, the king's love for coarse and foul anecdote increased from

year to year. The low literature of France, together with the produce of Veuve Cliquot, was imported in large quantities into the royal palace. The following is really too bad :—

"One day a courier read the foulest stories to the king, which delighted his majesty so much that he rolled on the sofa, ready to burst with laughter. After a while the queen entered the room, and the king, in his hilarity, ordered his reader to continue the pleasant stories. The gentleman begged to be excused. His majesty then took up the book himself and read *eine kleine Geschichte*, to the horror of the queen."

The ecclesiastical dignitaries of Prussia are prettily sketched as follows :—

"On my walk, this morning, I met Bishop Neander and another clergyman, both full of smiles. A little farther on, I ran against the Reverend Mr. Strauss, his majesty's private chaplain, also in the happiest temper. I told him his reverend brethren must have had a happy meeting, as they seemed all excessively jolly. 'No,' says he, 'it is not that, but we expected the convocation to sit all the afternoon, and are glad to get off at one.'"

Of some of the petty princes of Germany Varnhagen gives curious pictures, showing their position as anything but enviable. The old Landgraf of Hesse-Homburg he met in the summer of 1846, during a visit to Homburg :—

"His Serene Highness honored me with a visit at noon. After some talk about politics, in which I was surprised by his liberal opinions, he began discussing his own family matters. He said he led a most miserable life, seeing nobody, and separated even from his nearest relations. He particularly complained of his brother and his sister-in-law. The latter, he said, never left her room, and hated everybody, particularly his wife. Even when the Landgravine was dangerously ill, for eight months, she never visited her, but fell into a fainting fit when she heard that a Catholic priest had been called to administer the last communion. The poor Landgraf, who told me all this, seemed to have much more on his mind; but I could not get it out of him this time."

Varnhagen was more fortunate another time, when he "got it out" that the Landgraf was suffering also under the severest of misfortunes, want of cash. It appears

that the chief income of his serene highness is derived from the *rouge-et-noir* tables at Homburg, which of late had shown a falling off in victims. Poor Landgraf!

The classic realm of Hesse-Cassel is not forgotten by the diarist. It seems the garrulous old Landgraf led him into not a few of the mysteries of government of that happy country. We learn:—

"The suppression of the German Catholic congregations in Hesse-Cassel was brought to pass through influence from Vienna. The influence consisted in a present of a hundred thousand florins made to the Countess of Schaumburg (Madame Gertrude), the married mistress of the Electoral Prince. This woman was bought from her first husband for hard cash. Trustworthy persons have seen the cheque."

There are a good many sketches in the diary more or less characteristic of the present king of Prussia. The following is one of the most striking:—

"An ugly affair, in which the Prince of Prussia was concerned, took place at the Stettin Railway station here at Berlin. The prince accompanied the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia to the station, and finding things not in the order he desired, went up to a director, took hold of him, and bumped him against the wall. He then began quarrelling with a merchant of Hamburg, who walked about on the platform without taking off his hat. The merchant, however, brusquely replied that he was a stranger, and knew nothing whatever of princes. The whole affair came to the ears of the king, who said ironically, 'Well, this is first-rate on the part of an heir-apparent in search of popularity.'"

Varnhagen does not contribute much that has not been already known to the history of the Prussian revolution of 1848; but the sketches he gives of the individual actors in the drama are very striking. On the first outbreak of the insurrection at Berlin the king was in favor of the largest concessions to the liberal party; the Prince of Prussia, on the other side, would hear of nothing but violent means of suppression—"Kill the revolutionary dogs; kill them!" he continually shouted. He trembled with rage when his advice was disregarded. "The king himself was pale with fear; he could neither eat nor sleep, not even drink." His inactivity gave the reigns of government finally

into the hands of the Prince of Prussia, and the fight between soldiers and citizens began: it was a fearful bloodshed, the actual extent of which has never been correctly ascertained.

"After the fight had lasted for twenty-four hours, in the night from the 18th to the 19th of March, an eminent inhabitant of Berlin went up to the king, and entreated him, in wild accents, to end the frightful carnage, and to command the cessation of the bombardment. The king, leaning his head on his arm, remained silent. The Prince of Prussia then approached, crying, 'No, that shall not be. Never! Rather the city of Berlin and all its inhabitants shall perish than we shall give way. We must crush the demagogues under cartridges.' The king remained silent, leaning on his arm."

In a note to this paragraph it is stated that the facts are derived from a "most trustworthy communication of one at the court." Another equally strange scene is reported on the authority of a Lieutenant Lupinsky, who, with six grenadiers, stood sentinel at the chamber of the king on the 18th of March:—

"At the first booming of cannon, the queen fell at the feet of the king, 'In the name of God,' she exclaimed, 'do not kill the people. Let us fly!' she added, 'we have no children; we are rich enough.' It was too late. Five times the king, with the queen on his arm, accompanied by a single soldier, went in the direction of the Lustgarten, where the carriages were waiting, ready packed; and five times they came back at the expiration of a quarter of an hour. Major von Vincke, and others, went after their majesties, and fetched them back almost by force."

It is almost unnecessary to say that the publication of Varnhagen's diary has made an immense sensation in Germany. The work is praised by some, abused by others, and read by all. It is somewhat to the honor of the present King of Prussia, that when the third and fourth volumes, in which he is particularly roughly handled, appeared, some few weeks ago, and the minister of police wanted to forbid their circulation within the country, his majesty opposed this order, and gave leave for the free sale of the book. It was certainly the best policy under the circumstances, for, had the work been prohibited, it would probably have been still

more eagerly devoured than it is now. As it is, edition after edition is struck off at Leipsic, to the great satisfaction of Herr Brockhaus, the Murray of Germany. The publication of the diary, chiefly owing to the niece of Varnhagen, Fräulein Ludmilla Assing, is a good deal blamed by some of the more straight-laced German critics, as being unauthorized; but even their adversaries have little to say against the facts of the book, which seem to be generally accepted as true. This being the case, the political sky of German affairs looks very threatening. With kings, princes, and ministers, such as are painted by Herr Varnhagen von Ense—petty tyrants some, knaves others, and block-heads nearly all of them—Germany can scarcely think of marching forward in the

“path of progress,” and has the choice only of either extinguishing her rulers by constitutional means, or offering them a passport in unconstitutional modern Italian fashion. At any rate, the diary cannot fail of leaving a great impression on the minds of the more thoughtful among the people, stimulating them to political energy. Germany is singularly poor in bold and unbiassed histories of the German governments, and while the past of India and Egypt has been explored by the learned professors of Berlin, Göttingen, and Bonn, the actual state of Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, and the rest of the thirty Teutonic realms, has remained a sealed book even to the denizens of these countries. It is quite a piece of good fortune for Germany to have found a Pepys.

BALLOON TELEGRAPHING IN BATTLE—THE TELEGRAPH CORPS OF MCCLELLAN'S ARMY.—We find in the Lancaster (Pa.) Express a letter from Mr. Parker Spring, Superintendent of Telegraph Construction in General McClellan's army, describing the use of the telegraph in a balloon during the great battle before Richmond. Mr. Spring says:—

“For some time past I have been ordered by Col. Eckert (our superintendent of military telegraphs) to try a telegraphic experiment from a balloon. Saturday morning, when we heard that a great battle must be fought, Professor Lowe notified me that I should extend the wire to his balloon and we would try it. In one hour we had brought the wire a mile and a half, and I was ready to ascend with the Professor. The battle had commenced. When it had reached its zenith, Professor Lowe and myself, with the telegraph, had reached an altitude of two thousand feet. With the aid of good glasses, we were enabled to view the whole affair between these powerful contending armies.

“As the fight progressed, hasty observations were made by the Professor and given to me verbally, all of which I instantly forwarded to Gen. McClellan and division commanders through the agency of the obedient field instrument which stood by our side in the bottom of the car. Occasionally a masked battery would open upon our brave fellows. In such cases the occupants of the balloon would inform our artillerists of its position, and the next shot or two would, in every case, silence the masked and annoying customer.

“For hours, and until quite dark, we remained in the air, the telegraph keeping up constant communication with some point. From the balloon to Fortress Monroe, a distance of over one hundred miles, this wire worked beautifully. A number of messages were sent and received between these two points, and had it not been for the tremendous rush of business on the wire I should have telegraphed you directly from the balloon, while the battle was raging.

“Sunday morning at daybreak we again ascended. Early in the morning the battle was renewed and with more fierceness than the day before. Incessant firing of musketry and artillery was kept up until noon, when I had the extreme pleasure to announce by telegraph from the balloon that we could see the enemy retreating rapidly toward Richmond. At this time we could see firing on James River to the left of Richmond, distance from the balloon (some said) fifteen miles. This fire was of short duration.”

HOW RICHMOND LOOKED FROM THE BALLOON.—“The streets of Richmond in the morning presented a deserted appearance, but very few people to be seen in them. During the afternoon and evening of Sunday nothing of interest transpired beyond the removal of the rebel dead and wounded, all of which we could distinctly see from the balloon. Every available machine that had wheels was brought into requisition for this purpose. From the scene of battle into the city of Richmond, the road was literally lined with ambulances, wagons and carts, conveying dead and wounded.”

FRANCE IN AMERICA.

The French journal *L'Esprit Public* hints, in the following article, that the French Mexican expedition is but a step to the recognition of the South and the re-establishment of "Our lost influence in America":
—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

"Yesterday the utility of the Mexican expedition was discussed, and its consequences attempted to be foretold. On one side of the narrow scale of financial interest were put the material advantages of France, and on the other the sacrifices incurred by a long expedition.

"It is not thus, however, thank God! that the acts of France are to be judged. We must have higher views; and, without taking account of the claims of the spirit of economy, discover, if for the future great moral results are not to be hoped for.

"These results, we foresee, are the influence of France, reconquering in America the ground lost sixty years ago by revolutions and wars.

"We do not wish to exaggerate anything. But if the reader will consider the state of things at present, viz.: the war in the United States, the revolution of interests and the rise of races, the constant agitation in the republics of the New World, and the change of influence which takes place every day to the detriment of the English nation, and, lastly, the exhaustion of the American people by incessant intestine divisions, he will see, as we, that there is for France, surfeited with influence on the Continent of Europe, a really great part to play beyond the ocean. . . . The French intervention in Mexico has a great object, which does not end with the pacification of Mexico, or it is only a noisy manifestation. In the first case, we applaud it; in the second, we condemn it in the name of the ideas, all narrow as they are, which triumph in England and Spain.

"In short, if it be the pacification of Mexico which alone results from the efforts of our soldiers, the sacrifice of men and money will be irreparable. Our countrymen will get, it is true, their indemnity, the Mexican market will be open to us; but how long will this pacification last, so dearly bought? And Spain and England will also have indemnity for their subjects, a market for their commerce, without those advantages having cost them anything.

"France will then in this matter, if we may be allowed to say so, have made a fool of herself.

"This cannot and must not be. . . .

"Does any one think that the cries of the South, whose accents are French by origin,

have not been heard by France? If political considerations have obliged us to remain deaf hitherto to the voice of our old colonies, we were able in the meantime to give a fatal blow to the interests of the North. This blow was the intervention in Mexico, which ruins in a moment the diplomatic negotiations of President Lincoln and Juarez.

"Let the English government be sincere, and it will confess that it only left Vera Cruz in order not to give this blow to New York, and to bear the burden of an alliance which the North has already begun to reproach it with.

"The policy, therefore, which we foresee, makes the American and Mexican questions one. The first has been resolved, if we are not mistaken, from the first day in a sense favorable to the South by the practical mind of the emperor. The second has arisen from the solution of the first. It presented itself as the only course, to allow of France profiting by her ulterior recognition of the Confederate States.

"These are but mere suppositions it will be said. Very true; but if nothing at present ostensibly supports them, nothing denies them either.

"French influence in America had two stages to go through. Once, one might have thought that the first was the recognition of the South; but it will only be the second. We shall make our *debut* in Mexico by the splendor of our military power. England, who has withdrawn in Mexico, and who now retards mediation in the United States, is doing nothing but combating this grand policy conceived by the emperor. Spain, who has abandoned our soldiers, and who only wished for a Spanish monarchical restoration, thought she could frustrate this same policy.

"Our entry into the city of Mexico will, consequently, not only be the defeat of Juarez, but that of England and Spain also."

From The Spectator, 21 June.

THE intervention in the affairs of Mexico is earnestly deprecated in France by public opinion. The least unfavorable construction which could be put on the step taken by Napoleon as regards Mexico is, that he has allowed himself to be deceived by General Almonte and his own agents about the real state of things in that remote country. But this explanation is inconsistent with the conclusion to be drawn from the attitude of the emperor towards the United States. The link between the ideas of an invasion

of Mexico and the intended offer of a mediation between the belligerents in America, is obvious: both form evidently part of one grand scheme of a warlike character. Not only is a rough refusal anticipated on the part of the United States, but the scheme, in all probability, rests on that very supposition. A mediation offered seemingly for the purpose of restoring peace to the New World and cotton to the Old, could not, perhaps, in the emperor's opinion, be refused without enlisting in his favor the sympathies of Europe, and affording him a golden opportunity to strike a great blow.

As to his motives for running the risk of a war against America, at the cost of so much blood and money, they are supposed to be derived from the exigencies of his system of *mise en scène*, and also from the conviction that the house of Orleans may henceforth rely on the Government of the United States as on a most powerful protector. The fact is that the Tuileries are, at present, haunted by ghosts in the shape of princes raised from the dead. The emperor fears the Republicans much, but he fears the Orléanists much more, and, if compelled to make a choice, would prefer the former unhesitatingly. You must have noticed that the recent novel of Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*, although stamped with a decidedly political character, was permitted to be published in France, whilst, previously, every nerve had been strained to stop the publication of a pamphlet from the Duc d'Aumale. Be this as it may, the language of the *Moniteur* leaves no room for doubt as to the hostility of the imperial government against the North, and the language of the semi-official press leaves no room for doubt as to the stress laid by the imperial government on the projected mediation.

However, he would be a bold man who ventured to predict what will ultimately be done by a man who has none of that clear-sighted prescience, of that iron resolution, for which so many persons give him credit. How soon they have forgotten that the sweeping liberation of Italy from mountain to sea, "from the Alps to the Adriatic," resulted in the lame, impotent treaty of Villafranca—that the victor of Magenta and Solferino, fresh from the battle-field, was on the point of lending his legions to the arch-dukes, to bring them back to their old capi-

tals—that he subsequently abandoned them—that he made it impossible for the King of Naples to venerate him as a staunch protector or to hate him as a determined foe. Why, did he not himself reveal the secret of his vacillating policy and want of foresight, when, called upon to justify the tame, unexpected conclusion of the Italian crusade, he spoke of the revolutionary elements stirred up in Italy, as if this were an event impossible to foresee, and of the menacing attitude of the German states, as if he was not bound to take this into his calculations, and of the great fortresses to be stormed, as if they had, up to that moment, lain perfectly unknown! A ruler of that stamp may go far in his denunciation of the United States, and then retrace his steps all of a sudden.

Besides, public opinion in France sides with the North. There is no doubt about it. The abhorrence in which slavery is held amongst us is, indeed, of the most uncompromising nature. And this is the reason why Generals McClellan, Halleck, and Banks are by no means in favor with the leaders of the French Liberal party, who know, or, at least, have been told that those brave but narrow-minded soldiers are averse to any effectual abolition of slavery. A friend of mine received from America, some days ago, a letter, giving the following details as to the circumstance to which the army of General Banks was indebted for being saved from utter destruction: A few moments before the onset of the Southerners a poor slave, besmeared with sweat and dust, was seen running as fast as he could towards the camp, where he announced that the enemy was making ready for a desperate attack. Not only was the man disbelieved and laughed at, but he would have been willingly restored to his master had his master presented himself. Fortunately, Colonel Henley thought it advisable to give orders, at all events, that his regiment should take up arms. He stood the shock of the enemy, and thus enabled General Banks to avoid being cut to pieces by a timely retreat. Were it not for the dubious policy of the United States concerning the question of slavery the cause of the North would have aroused among the French the same kind of enthusiasm as that which urged them on to fight in the cause of Italy.

From The North American, 22 June.
COLONEL CHARLES ELLET, JR.

ANOTHER gallant Philadelphian has fallen a victim to the civil war, and one, too, who will be missed from other fields of service than those of strife. Colonel Charles Ellet, Jr., Commander of the U. S. ram fleet in the Mississippi River, and who may justly be styled the hero of the great naval battle at Memphis, died at Cairo on Saturday last, of the wound he received in that conflict. The event was altogether unexpected, as Colonel Ellet had made light of his wound, and it was not known that it was at all serious.

Charles Ellet was one of the ablest civil engineers our country has produced, and his achievements in that profession will long be ranked among the most memorable of his age. He planned and superintended the construction of the first wire suspension bridge built in the United States, or indeed in America, being the one still standing at Fairmount. It was considered a great curiosity at the time it was reared, and has remained an object of interest ever since, adding very materially to the picturesque beauty of Fairmount. It is the lightest and most graceful specimen of a bridge yet seen in the New World, and though originally intended to last only for a given time, which has passed over without its renewal, the strength of the structure still seems unimpaired.

Subsequently to this Mr. Ellet designed and built the wire suspension bridge over the Niagara River, near the great cataract, by which a railroad crosses that stream. This work could have been undertaken by none other than a man of daring and intrepid nature, and will ever rank among the remarkable structures of America. He also built the great suspension bridge at Wheeling, Va., by which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad connects with the Ohio system of railways. He was the chief engineer employed in the planning and building of many railways in Pennsylvania and the South and West, and in fact became one of the most eminent engineers of his age. Two works of great value were published by him about 1853 on the hydrography of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. In these he claimed that great advantages to the navigation of those rivers would result from the construction of a system of reservoirs on their tributaries, in

which the excess of water in times of flood would be retained, and from which a supply could be furnished to render the rivers navigable in very low water. These plans attracted great attention, but the difficulty of putting them in practice would of course be great, and quite sufficient to prevent their adoption wholly independent of engineering considerations.

His peculiar originality of thought and fearlessness of consequences led him into various heated controversies in the course of his career, some of which procured for him a notoriety which he did not court. Perhaps the most famous of these was caused by the publication of his pamphlet last winter reviewing sharply the policy of Gen. McClellan in Eastern Virginia. Of course, in the present tone of the public mind, while there is so much soreness and acerbity on this subject, Colonel Ellet's memory will derive no particular lustre from this reminiscence; but we can say with candor that his object in writing that pamphlet was honest and patriotic, that he thoroughly believed all he wrote, and was under the impression that it was his duty to write that review, because he had planned and built the Virginia railways which were of most importance near the Potomac, and was perfectly familiar with the topography of that whole region, as of course he must have been from the scientific surveys unavoidable in laying out and building railways. His pamphlet was widely circulated, and created a great sensation at the time.

Much as this pamphlet was denounced, it made him known to the President and the War Department as a man perfectly conversant with the most scientific features of warfare, and possessed of boldness, courage, and skill. When, therefore, at a subsequent period the terrible effectiveness of the naval ram was proven at Hampton Roads by the Merrimac, and Mr. Ellet showed by a new pamphlet that he had long ago earnestly endeavored to impress the Government with the importance of building iron-clad naval rams, the Government accepted his services under a contract to build and test a certain number of ram-boats on the western rivers.

These vessels were constructed at Pittsburgh, under the supervision of Colonel Ellet, and were very formidable, though the public were studiously kept in ignorance of their

plans. Like the Monitor, these rams were not to be accepted until their efficiency should be proved in battle, for which an opportunity soon offered. Captain Davis, in command of the gunboat and mortar fleet, had fought a naval battle off Fort Pillow without much success, the rebel rams being found very formidable. But when, after the evacuation of Forts Pillow and Randolph, the rebel fleet all collected at Memphis and offered battle, Colonel Ellet's ram fleet came up and joined with Captain Davis' gunboat and mortar flotilla for the great fight.

The combatants ranged in line of battle, fought for some time with their gunboats without serious damage. At length Colonel Ellet boldly steamed forth with his rams, and, leaving our gunboats and mortar flotilla behind, ran immediately at the rebel vessels. The result was one of the most remarkable on record. Defeat and disaster overwhelmed the rebels in every shape. Their fleet was conquered so completely that only a few vessels escaped up the Arkansas and White Rivers, the rest being captured, destroyed or sunk. In the action Colonel Ellet commanded the ram Monarch, but also manœuvred the whole of the ram fleet. The Monarch, however, was a terrible foe to the rebels, and was recognized by all as the boldest and most daringly managed vessel in the fleet. When the rebel vessels were completely overcome it was Colonel Ellet in the Monarch who steamed up to the bluffs of Memphis and demanded the surrender of the city.

But the victory cost him his life. He received in the battle a wound which his gallant spirit refused to consider serious, but it disabled him, and has led to his death. To those who remembered him only as a pamphleteer against McClellan, and who classed him with the "civilian generals" who have done so much damage in this war, we commend Charles Ellet's achievements at Mem-

phis as a proof that he possessed the warlike ability which his friends claimed for him. We do not know that he would have succeeded in the command of an army, though Mitchell's triumphs lead us to think he might; but that he was no mere soldier of the pen, that he was actuated purely by love of country, his sacrifice of his life attests.

The above considerations, however, constituted no part of the reasons for his career at Memphis. He was ardently devoted to the establishment of his theory of the formidable character of naval rams, respecting which he had at various times written a great deal. Here where he was so well known no one ever doubted his plans, his name and fame being sufficient to warrant their acceptance. He had some great qualities which aided the success of his rams. He was a man of daring mind, courageous to a fault, and reckless of all personal risk, no matter what it might be. Take him for all in all, the country has great reason to mourn his loss.

COLONEL ELLET.

"MEMPHIS is ours!" well we remember how,
From mouth to mouth the ringing cry went round;
How glad our anxious hearts were at the sound
Of great guns booming joyously. And now,
We turn to find the Hero of that fight,
Where sank the bursting gunboats, one by one,
And foemen paled and trembled with affright;—
And feel how dearly was the victory won:
For he who led that wondrous brave assault,
Died from his wounds! Died! with a fame so bright!
O nation, fighting, bleeding for the right,—
One moment bid thy serried columns halt,
While all to whom America is dear,
Drop on brave Ellet's grave the tribute of a tear.
J. HAL. ELLIOTT.
Blackstone, Mass., July 1, 1862.

—*Transcript.*

POSSESSION NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.—What is the origin of this phrase? It seems to indicate that there are *ten* points, of which possession, though wrongful, has the strength of nine: there would be less point in the proverb if there were more than ten points in the law. Coke, in his *Commentary on Littleton* (section 41),

lays down *ten* things as "necessarily incident" to a deed: but he does not call them *points*, though I think I have seen this name applied elsewhere. Are these the ten points? Does the proverb embody the notion that possession is nine-tenths as good as a deed of conveyance?

A. DE MORGAN.

—*Notes and Queries.*